THE

CASKET

OF

GEMS.

BOSTON:
MUNROE AND FRANCIS;
C. S. FRANCIS, NEW-YORK.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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CASKET OF GEMS.

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THE

CASKET OF GEMS;

THE GIFT

OF AN

UNCLE AND AUNT.

WITH FINE WOOD ENGRAVINGS BY ANDERSON.

BOSTON:
MUNROE & FRANCIS, 128 WASHINGTON-STREET.
CHARLES S. FRANCIS, NEW-YORK.
1840

THE

CASKET OF GEMS.

NEVER BE DOWN-HEARTED.

CHEER up, my boys! and look about you; pluck up your spirits, and never be down-hearted; no, never, under any circumstances; for, being down-hearted never yet helped any one out of his troubles. What, if your kite be broken, cannot you make another? what, if you have a task set you, cannot you learn it? Putting on a long face, looking sullen, and making yourself miserable, will do but little towards mending a kite, or learning a task ; so do as I tell you, my boys, pluck up your spirits, look about you, and do not be downhearted.

I love to see a boy acquit himself well under trouble. If in a game of hare-and-hounds one of you should happen to fall, if he should rise slowly, limp piteously, set up a cry loud and long enough to make one believe he had broken his leg or his arm, and, blubbering, give up the game ; why I would not give a button-top for such a fearful, faint-hearted fellow. But if another should have a worse fall, and scramble up again, a laugh mingling with the wry face his pain obliges him to make ; if he hastily rub his knee and his elbow ; shake the dust from his jacket, and start forward again, running gallantly and good-humouredly after his companions ; why such a one I should consider a noble fellow compared with the other : and where the one would be respected, the other would be despised. Bear your troubles well, my boys ! and never, never be down-hearted.

" Faint heart," says the proverb, " never won fair lady ;" and take my word for it that it is much better to mend a broken fiddle, than to mourn over it. The sun never yet set without rising again. The troubles of yesterday, what are they to-day ? or what will these of to-day be to-morrow ? Well, then, my boys, why should we be down-hearted ?

" It is of no use being down-hearted," said a good-looking rosy-faced man with whom I once travelled ; " it is of no use being down-hearted, sir : for we shall all do well if we look about us. I will tell you my life, sir, in a very few words. When young, I worked at the bottom of a sawpit ; then at the top ; I bought the piece of timber that I stood upon ; turned wheelwright ; then carpenter ; afterwards builder ; and am now thriving with a family of a wife and eleven children. Now, sir, I could not have done this if I had been down-hearted."

You may take it for granted, my boys, that the maxim "Never be down-hearted" is an especial good one. If I had not adopted it, I should never have borne up under the weight of my troubles; no, the back of an elephant would not have supported them: yet here I am, after all, exhorting you, my boys, never to be down-hearted.

I knew a man of the name of Dacres; he had been very respectable, but, by some of the strange events that are ever taking place in this world, he was reduced to extreme poverty. I met him as he was walking slowly, wretchedly clad, with his hands in his pockets, looking upon the ground, the very picture of hopelessness and despair. "How now, Dacres!" said I; "what is the matter? This is not the way to get through trouble: hold up your head, pull your hands out of your pockets, and set about something. Bless me ! why, you are enough to put a whole neighbourhood out of spirits !"

He said that he had neither money nor friend, and that he wanted food.

Tapping him on the shoulder, I told him that he should want neither money, friend, nor food, if he would bestir himself. Giving him something to eat, I directed him to occupy one of my beautiful country gardens, and raise all the vegetables he could, to sell in the market. He rejoiced at my proposal and immediately went to work.

Some time elapsed without my seeing him, when one day we met again. He was well dressed, and as lively as I could wish to see him ; his market-basket was supplied with vegetables of different kinds, which he was then going about to sell. I told him that I had a little money for him, and was much pleased with his reply ; for he said that he did not want it, and wished me to give it to some one who did; that he was doing well, and in spirits, for ever since I had set him going, he had prospered; and that he doubted not that he should prosper, hereafter.

Now, what was it that changed a poor, ragged, miserable, dejected mortal, into a well-dressed, light-hearted, and enterprising man? Why his not being down-hearted, to be sure: for had he continued so, all the gardens in the world would not have done him any good. The moment he pulled his hands out of his pockets, and resolved to look about him, and to do what he could, he began to prosper.

To be down-hearted is a miserable and cowardly way of creeping through the world: therefore, my boys, hold up your heads, look about you, do what you know to be right, fear nothing, and do not be down-hearted. There is neither man nor boy in this wide world that does not stand in need of the same advice; for there are times when the boldest men are sad cowards, and stand in need of encouragement. The great Duke of Marlborough, after achieving his splendid victories, was forsaken by his strength of mind, and became quite down-hearted ; so that when he happened to lose a game at chess, or draughts, he used to shed tears, and say, " Every body can beat me now !"

To put an additional burden on his back is an odd way of assisting one already bent double with his load : and yet, we all do this when we add despondency to our troubles ; for despondency is one of the heaviest burdens that a body can have to carry.

Pluck up courage, my boys ! He who is down-hearted will ever be looking to others for that assistance which he may render to himself, and thereby deprive himself of his best friend.

Who borrows needlessly, the elf,
Will find but few disposed to lend ;

But he who will befriend himself
Will never be without a friend.

The bitterest morsel that can be eaten is the bread of dependence; and the down-hearted are too often obliged to make a meal of it. Do not eat it, my boys, do not eat it! bestir yourselves, and win your way through all your difficulties, remembering that

"One axe, well-tempered, fells a grove of trees!"

What though your trials thicken around you; be not afraid of their number:

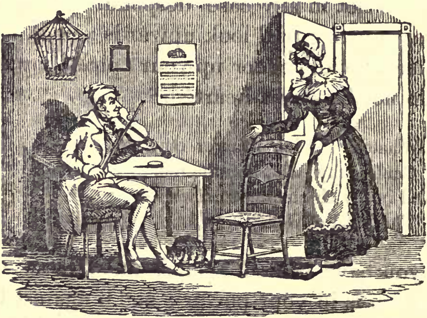
............" A generous pair
Of strong-wing'd eaglets fright a thousand doves."

If you are up in the world, keep your position; stand your ground courageously, whatever way the wind may blow; and if you are down, do not lie bawling and blubbering, until some one offers to help you up; spring on your legs, and be ready with heart and hand to minister to your own necessities. Do not be down-hearted!

But do not in any case despond. As I said before, in every trial look upwards; and, whatever may betide, cheer up your spirits, my boys, and do not be down-hearted.

> " Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,
>   Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
> And in thy chastening sorrows see
>   The hand of God."

If you have sinned against man, make what restitution is in your power; and if against God, acknowledge your sin, and strive in future to sin no more.



Be cheerful.

BE CHEERFUL;

OR,

NOTHING LIKE MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

My dear girls, if you love me, or if you love yourselves, *be cheerful*, for cheerfulness is more ornamental, and of greater value, than a string of pearls or a diamond necklace. I could offer you fifty reasons why you should *be cheerful*, but it would be useless to give myself the trouble; for without cheerfulness you cannot be happy: with it you cannot be miserable.

When I was young, and I have been as young as the best of you, I was cheerful as the day; and now that I am an old woman, I am cheerful still: for though, on a thousand occasions, I have known the value of cheerfulness, I never yet, in one instance, found any advantage in giving way to melancholy. My advice is, then, whether it be wet or dry, hot or cold, summer or winter, *be cheerful!* my dear girls, *be cheerful!*

I am looking upon you not as girls only, but as what you will be by and by. Almost all indoor happiness depends upon females : they are formed not only to extend the comforts, but to be the ornaments of domestic life. Most of their time is spent at home ; their influence is great ; and, therefore, it is very necessary that they should *be cheerful.*

Do not suppose that by cheerfulness I mean a light, giddy, thoughtless disposition : nothing is further from my thoughts. I mean the liveliness of a happy and an innocent heart, that delights in making others as happy as itself.

Who is there among you, that has not walked abroad on a May morning, when the heavens were unclouded, and the whole earth appeared blooming and blossoming ;—when the sun was in the sky, and the fresh green leaves of the trees looked more than lovely ;—when the birds were singing, and cheerfulness reigned around? Why, there is morality in such a scene: for it makes us ashamed of our ill tempers and gloomy forebodings, and disposes us, in spite of ourselves, to be happy. And so it is with the inhabitants of that dwelling where cheerfulness resides: the spirit is unclouded; the green leaves of hope are put forth; the blossoms of fancy bloom around; and the heart sings for very joy.

We have all something to endure. If we had not, we should be so proud and self-willed as scarcely to be endured ourselves. But when things are at the worst, when they will not smile upon us, why, if we make up our mind to smile upon them, it will answer pretty much the same purpose: let us *make the best of them*, and *be cheerful.*

When I was a girl, and at school, there lived in the village an old woman of the name of Ashmore. Granny Ashmore, as we used to call her, was always foreboding evil. I know not whether the poor old lady had met with disappointments in the world, but her countenance was strongly marked with despondency. She might, perhaps, have been tried and troubled more than her neighbours. How that might be, I cannot tell: but, certainly, if it were so, she added much to her sorrows by a want of cheerfulness, and by a disposition to look forward to nothing but tribulation. "Mark my words," she used to say: "all seems very fair, but a storm is brewing! something will happen before Christmas yet!" It was in vain that Christmas came unattended by any calamity; that the year rolled round in peace; that orchards were laden with fruit; that abundant harvests were safely gathered; and that plenty smiled around;—these things never altered the view of Granny Ashmore. In the midst of present joy, she could always see future sorrow. "Ay! ay! you may say what you will," said she, "but mark my words. You little think what is coming upon us: something will happen before Christmas yet, you may depend upon it!"

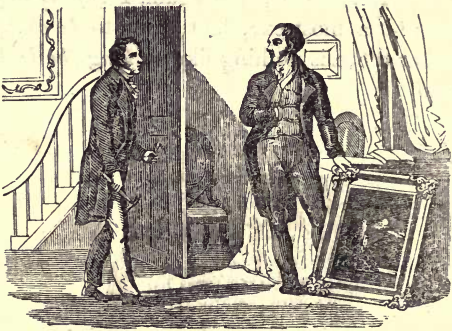
Thus went on poor Granny Ashmore, year after year, foreboding evil to the day of her death: and too many are disposed to tread in her steps. Do not you be among the number. No, my dear girls, if matters go on well, be happy; and if they do not, why make the very *best of them* and *be cheerful.*

It is a well known fact, that when we are cheerful, we make others cheerful too; and it is equally well known, that one dejected melancholy being will throw a gloom on all around. A milliner once availed herself of this knowledge. Having undertaken to send home some dresses within a limited time, she was very anxious to fulfil her engagement; but a poor old fiddler, who lived in a small house adjoining, unfortunately kept strumming a very slow march on his violin, and the milliner observed that the needles of her assistants kept time with the slow march of the fiddle. Away she went to the poor fiddler, and promised to reward him, if he would leave off the slow march, and play something more cheerful. No sooner had the fiddler struck up the lively air of "Nancy Dawson," than the needles began to move with astonishing rapidity, so that in a little time the dresses of the milliner were completed. We may apply this tale to a thousand things, and find in them all, the great advantage of *being cheerful.*

Almost every one must have heard of the good-humour and cheerfulness of a tradesman who flourished when I was young. He was never known to be other than cheerful: and whatever losses he might meet with, he never lost his temper. Some of his customers were troublesome enough; but he was cheerful with them all. "The trouble is a pleasure." "Exercise is healthful." "My happiest moments are spent with my customers." These, and a hundred other expressions of a similar kind, were ever being used by him ; and his cheerfulness recommended him far and near. A certain lady resolved, if possible, to overcome his good-humour ; and asked him to show her one article after another, until the draper had heaped his counter with gloves and ribands, cambrics and calicoes, silks, satins, and sarsnets : but nothing suited her fancy ;—this was too fine, and that was too coarse ; one was too wide, and the other was too narrow. After every other attempt to ruffle the temper of the tradesman had been made in vain, the lady putting down a sixpence, desired him to cut her off sixpenny worth of white satin. The draper took the money, and clipping off just so much of the satin as the sixpence would cover, wrapped it up neatly, and handing it over the counter with a smile, requested to know if she preferred taking it with her, or if he might be permitted to send it to her habitation. The lady, finding the good-humour and cheerfulness of the draper could not be overcome, became a purchaser in good earnest, and thereby amply repaid the trouble she had occasioned. You may rely upon it, my dear girls, that it is an excellent thing to *be cheerful.*

We all laugh at the philosopher who made himself miserable because he feared that the world would inevitably be burnt up by a comet in a few thousand years to come: but do we not act upon the same foolish principle that he did, when we add to the cares of to-day the troubles of to-morrow? This is not *being cheerful,* and I am sure that it is not *making the best of things.*

If a young person be cheerful, there is every thing to hope; if she be sullen and desponding, it is almost a hopeless case: with so many things around us to make us cheerful, it is a crime to be melancholy. In one word, if you have fifty virtues, and have not cheerfulness, it is ten to one that you will be neglected; if you have a hundred failings, and are cheerful, your company is pretty sure to be desired. Get rid, my girls, of all your errors as fast as you can. Be determined to possess every good quality, not forgetting that of cheerfulness; for again, I say, that you will find it a most excellent thing to *be cheerful,* and that there is nothing like *making the best of things.*



Do it well.

DO IT WELL.

Ay ! do it well, whatever it may be that you are engaged in, for, nine times out of ten, when a boy does a thing badly, it is not because he cannot, but because he is not disposed to do it better. Look at some of the scrawls that a boy makes, when he begins to learn to write : the strokes should be straight, but they are as crooked as a watch-key, and his letters and words are almost as much like Arabic as English. It is, I know, a difficult thing to write at first ; but if boys were determined to do it well, there never would be seen such things as are to be found in the copy-book of many a careless schoolboy. Do things well, my boys, for the habit of doing so is beyond all value as it relates to your present and future advantage ; and, after all, where is the hardship in your being required to do things well ?

Are you injured when you try to excel each other? I never yet heard of a boy breaking his arm in writing a good copy, injuring his health in doing a drawing well, or suffering great pain from reading his lesson clearly and distinctly. No such thing! But I have heard of all these accidents being brought about by acts of imprudence.

Some persons, when grown up, write their names so ill, that all the learned men in the world could never read them. Think of the mistakes and trouble that must arise when the name of Christr. Clinton is mistaken for a Chest of Chickens; and Benjn. Bolding for a Brace of Bulldogs. Whatever you write, my boys, do write it well, but especially your own names.

There are hundreds of people who, in writing figures, make their ciphers and their fours so much like sixes and sevens, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself would be puzzled even in casting up an account of a few dollars. Now attend to this, my boys, and let your figures be what they ought to be, not only intelligible to yourselves, but also to every one around you.

Wherever you may be, and whatever you may do in every station, let that which is necessary to be done, be done well. It was said by a celebrated character, that if he were a shoe-black, he would at least try to be the best shoe-black in London; and I have no doubt that with such a disposition, in such a situation, he would have done as he said.

Now, my boys, be determined to do the like: whether you may be high or low, rich or poor, let every one of you say to himself,

If a cobbler by trade, I will make it my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
And if I'm a tinker, no tinker beside
Shall mend an old kettle with me.

There is no action too trivial to be done well; and we very often find that trifling things are sources of much discomfort when they are improperly performed. If a candle be improperly lighted, the grease may run down the candlestick, and make it unfit to be seen. If a candle be improperly carried, the Turkey carpet may be soiled for ever. If a candle be improperly extinguished, an offensive smell may annoy the company in the room for a long time. These things are continually occurring: yet, how easily might they be avoided! Whether then, my boys, you light, carry, or put out a candle, still bear in mind the maxim, and do it well.

Scarcely ever do we see any one strip up his shirt-sleeves to wash his hands or arms, but it is done so carelessly, that the sleeves are up and down half a dozen times before the washing is over; and though the inconvenience be so well known, seldom indeed is it avoided. This is, it is true, a little affair, but if doing it well will save a great deal of trouble, why then, my boys, even in washing your hands, do not neglect to do it well.

How easy it is to wind up a watch well, and what trouble and expence are frequently occasioned by winding it up ill, and thereby snapping the chain! It then is sent to the watchmaker; and for the want of it, a train of evils succeed;—uncertainty, broken engagements, irregularity, and disappointments without end. How much better to be a little careful, and wind up a watch well at once!

I need not point out to you the trouble and vexation that is brought about when doing a long sum in division, if it be not done well. The mistake of one little figure at the top, soon occasions fifty others before you get to the bottom. And so it is in a thousand things in life, as well as with a sum in long division.

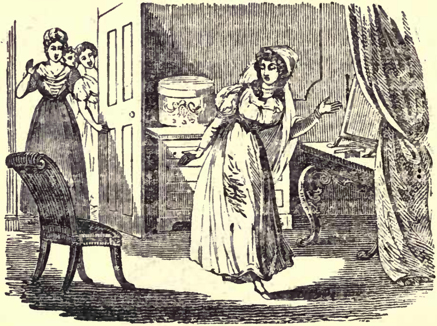
A friend of mine, having purchased an old painting of some value, wished it to be hung on his staircase, among some other paintings, and gave instructions to John the footman to drive in two large nails with brass heads, that it might be suspended on the walls. "Now, John," said he, "the driving in of two brass nails is a very trifling affair, but let it be well done." John drove the nails in as carelessly as if the painting were of no value, and as though he had received no injunction from his master; so that, when the painting was hung up, the nails gave way, the picture fell over the stairs upon a handsome glass chandelier, and both fell together upon an elegant set of china, that was at the moment being carried into the drawing-room: the painting was injured; the chandelier demolished; and the china broken to pieces. What think you, my boys, that John deserved for his pains? To do the thing well would have cost him nothing; but doing it ill cost his master many pounds. I do not know if John profited by his disaster; but I hope you will profit by it, in being more than ever resolved, when called upon to do any thing of the kind, that you will do it well. Do things well, from the making of a round O, to the writing of your Christmas piece; from the drawing of a straight line, to the calculation of the latitude and longitude of a city: do little things well, and I will trust you in great ones.

In things of importance it is sadly ruinous not to do them well. Imagine a surgeon taking off a man's leg, or a physician prescribing for a patient in critical circumstances, and doing it badly. Think of a ship being badly built; an army badly supplied with provision and clothing; or a nation badly governed: what terrible effects must necessarily follow! You know not what stations you may yet occupy, therefore take the matter into consideration, that you may, by doing things well, make your way in the world, and be a credit to all belonging to you.

Who would go crawling through the world, afraid to look his fellows in the face, because he felt himself their inferior ? My boys, whoever may pass you in the race of life, let no one surpass you in the endeavour to do things well ;

and then, I will answer for it, that you will not be far behind the very best of them. No, no ! he who practises this maxim, as a boy and as a man, will have no need to hold down his head when standing before a king.

What I have hitherto said about doing things well has principally referred to your attainments ; I would also apply the maxim to the discharge of your duties as upright and accountable beings. Would you be "men among men," show not only that you can, but that you do, discharge the duties of life well : the power to do this is an advantage ; the disposition to do it is a greater. Perform then your duties to the fraction : be diligent ; be upright ; be conscientious ; be resolved to do all that duty requires, and to do it well. And now, my boys, what shall I say about your duties to Him from whom you have derived every advantage you enjoy, and from whom must proceed every future blessing ? If necessary to do your duties to man well, how much more so to do those well that have for their object the high and mighty God? Do, my boys, discharge them to the best of your ability, looking for assistance to Him who alone can give the good things of this world and of that which is to come. Once more I say, my boys, learn what your duties are; be ready to discharge them; and be determined, with all your heart and soul, to do them well.



Be orderly.

BE ORDERLY;

OR

BAD HABITS NEVER ANSWER.

No, never yet did a bad habit answer, and it never will: therefore, if, my dear girls, you have any bad habits, depend upon it, though you may be friends to them, they will be enemies to you; they will add to your troubles, and take away from your comforts. A bad habit gains upon us by degrees, and then puts us at defiance; like the porcupine in the fable, who, having been asked civilly into the hole of a snake during a storm, refused afterwards to go out of it.

As you grow older and stronger, your habits and passions will grow stronger too: if you do not restrain them now, how can you hope to restrain them by and by? An Indian once brought up a young lion, and, finding him weak and harmless, never attempted to control him. Every day the lion gained in strength, and became more untractable; until, at last, when excited by rage, he fell upon the Indian, and tore him in pieces. Our evil habits and evil passions very much resemble this lion.

Habits of neatness, cleanliness and order, are indispensable to a female, if she have any regard to the comfort of others, or to her own. I have before told you, that females are designed, not only to extend the comforts of domestic life, but to be its principal ornaments: an attention to dress, therefore, is very necessary. How many females run into the error of thinking that to dress finely is to dress well!—when the two things are as different as possible; for the one excites attention, the other avoids it.

A lady, who well knew this distinction, ordered a cap from a milliner. "How will you have it made, madam?" inquired the milliner. "Make it," replied the lady, "so that it will not excite a thought." I think this is the best definition of what dress should be, that I ever heard in my life. Be, then, neat and cleanly in your dress, and borrow a lesson of instruction from this lady.

Sad it is to see a female walking out with a hole in her stocking, her stays visible behind through the opening of her frock or gown, and her under-garments seen through her pocket-holes. These things are not as they should be: avoid them, my dear girls, they are bad habits; and *bad habits never answer*.

An orderly person shows her love of regularity in all things, and can lay her hand on the article she wants; a disorderly person knows not if she possesses the thing she desires; if she has it, she knows not where to find it, and if she finds it, frequently it is not in a state fit for use.

An orderly person has little to do; while a disorderly one has ten times the trouble of the other, without possessing one half of her advantages. I knew one who was the very spirit of order. She learned the habit of order in her youth, and practised it in her riper years. The house in which she presided was a pattern of propriety, and her wardrobe a picture to gaze upon. But, Oh, it is terrible to peep into a drawer that is crammed, without order, with clean frocks and dirty handkerchiefs, new gloves and old silk stockings, ribands and curl-papers, bodices and boot-laces, scissars and scent-boxes, patchwork and pincushions! What a shocking exhibition of disorder and bad habits is here!

One glance at a room is enough to convince us whether it be under the care of an orderly person. I have frequently known the kitchen of a servant more orderly than the drawing-room of her mistress; and the dormitory of an old woman in an alms-house kept far more cleanly and methodical than the bed-chamber of a young lady. *Be orderly* my dear girls! *do be orderly!*

Habits of cleanliness are beyond value, in person, in dress, in work, in books, in furniture, and in all things. Whatever other qualities she possesses, a dirty person must, of necessity, be disagreeable. Dirty habits are easily acquired, but with difficulty corrected.

Fanny Freeman dressed in black for some years, and fell into a dirty habit of wiping the point of her pen on her black frock. This habit became so confirmed, that she knew not when it was indulged in. One afternoon, she dressed herself in white, to pay a visit at a distance, on a particular occasion. But, before she set off, it became necessary that she should write a long letter: all the time that was occupied in writing, she indulged in her accustomed practice of wiping her pen upon her frock. When the chaise drove to the door, and Fanny was about to put her foot upon the step to jump in, some of us noticed her white frock: there it was, with long blotches of ink crossing each other in all directions—a perfect fright; for had Fanny Freeman taken up her pen with the intention of spoiling her frock, she scarcely would have done so more effectually. Blushing to her very ears, Fanny hurried back to her room, amid the laughter of her companions, and arrayed herself once more in a black frock.

If all our bad habits were as conspicuous as that of Fanny Freeman in her white frock, we should perhaps be shamed out of them; but if they are not so conspicuous, they may be much more mischievous. Look to yours, my dear girls, and amend them. Be cleanly yourselves, and you will, perhaps, make others cleanly around you. A want of cleanliness in a servant is a sad habit; but this will frequently be confirmed or corrected by the habits of her mistress.

Cleanliness in cookery is particularly desirable. Stopping at an inn once in France, I had occasion to speak to my landlady, who was in her kitchen, preparing a salad to serve up at the supper-table. While I talked with her, she proceeded with her employment, cutting with a knife, and pulling in pieces with her fingers, the salad she was preparing. Standing in need of a fresh candle, she took one up, but, finding it too large, she screwed it round with her hand, forcing it into the candlestick, and then, with her unwashed hands, went on with the preparation of the salad. You may be sure that, after this, the salad went untouched from the table.

Whether preparing a salad, or any other article of food, do, my girls, be cleanly ; for in eating or drinking, working or playing, being dirty is a bad habit, and *bad habits never did and never will answer.*

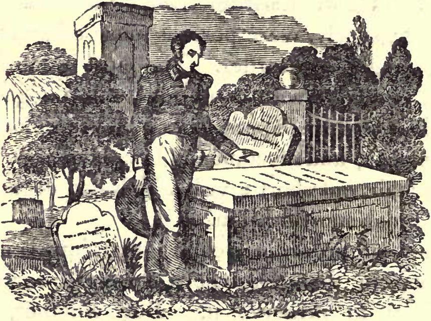
In common life, females have many domestic duties that continually demand their attention ; and the mistress of a family, and her daughters, never look more truly respectable than when busily engaged for the benefit of others : but whether plying the needle, or presiding at the ironing-table, order should be observed

A want of order exposes us to many mortifications. What a laughable scene did I once witness, on making a morning call, with my aunt, at the country-house of a banker ! During our walk to the house, my aunt much impressed me by her description of the wealth of the banker, the dresses of his lady, the splendour of the mansion, and, in particular, of the taste and attainments of the young ladies ; so that I entered the house with something like an awe of its inhabitants, and expected an exhibition of no common kind.

I suppose our call was a little earlier than a due regard to etiquette would have justified ; and, unfortunately, as my aunt was on familiar terms with the family, the servant ushered us into the breakfast-parlour the moment our names were announced, so that there was no opportunity to effect the least alteration in the room. And surely such a room I never saw : for had the whole party been playing at blind-man's buff for an hour, scarcely could the room have presented a scene of greater confusion. The lap-dogs on the hearth-rug, and the parrots in their cages—the Chinese screens, and China jars —only made the disorder more ridiculous.

Never, surely, were persons more ashamed of being caught in disorder. The lady, in her bed-gown, rose red with confusion; her daughters, their hair in curl-papers, looked foolish, coloured, and retired; and my aunt and I, without once taking a chair, cut short a visit which had occasioned so much mortification.

Want of order in wealthy mansions is more inexcusable than elsewhere, because servants are kept to preserve it. But whether, my dear girls, you are high or low, rich or poor, *be orderly*, and avoid bad habits; for, once more, I say, *bad habits never answer.*



Be in time.

BE IN TIME.

SAY nothing, my boys, about the thousand things you have done, but rather tell me whether they were done in time. If you do not put up your umbrella till you are wet through, if you neglect to lock the door till the house is robbed, if you delay serving a friend till he has no need of your assistance,—why, you may just as well not do the things you intended to do; for they can only be useful when done in time.

One of my servants (and a good servant, too, in many respects) used to think, that, if she did her work, the time and order in which it was done were of no importance: the consequence was, that she never did any thing in time. In a morning, instead of attending to my breakfast, she was preparing something for my dinner; and when dinner-time came, she as regularly was busy about tea or supper: so that not a meal could I have in peace or comfort, because she was busy in doing something which might have been as well done at another time. She would take the saucepan off the fire when the milk had boiled over, and drive the tom-cat out of the pantry when he had gnawed the bones of the chine and chickens, but not before.

Remember, my boys, that you learned to walk before you ran, to spell before you read, and to write before you cast up accounts: you ought not, then, to despise the practice of a good rule on the most trivial occasion; for the advantage will extend beyond it. It is only by attending to a maxim in little things, that you can ever hope to practise it in greater: let the boy be in time with his trifles, and the man will not be too late in his weightier affairs.

"Be in time" is a maxim that I could uphold by a hundred authorities; but I think its own plain good sense is the best authority with which it can be invested.

It is narrated of Lord Nelson, one of the bravest and most successful of admirals, that, on one occasion, when told the hour on which his baggage would be on board his vessel, he replied, "Say a quarter of an hour before that time, say a quarter of an hour before; for it is to that quarter of an hour that I owe every thing that I have, and every thing that I am." His lordship well knew the advantage of being in time, and so will you if you adopt the same practice. Be in time, my boys! be in time!

You can be as punctual as any one, if it be to answer your own purpose. If a balloon be about to ascend, Punch and Judy to be seen, or an exhibition of fireworks to take place, I will trust you all for being in time. Now, if you can be in time for these things, make up your minds to be in time for others.

When sent on an errand, loiter not by the way; when the bell rings for school, be alive and ready to attend its summons; when the chimes are heard for church, neglect them not :

Be ready when ye hear the Sabbath bells ;
  With willing feet and humble heart repair ;
The mighty God within his temple dwells
  In grace and glory :—offer up your prayer.

Elderly people usually keep time in their appointments, but young ones hardly ever do this. I used, in youth, to think—" Well, if I am a little late, I can run and make up lost time :" but now I take care to lay hold of my hat and cane early enough, and say to myself, " I will be moving forwards ; for though I may be a little before the time, something may happen on my way to hinder me." Hours, minutes, even moments, are frequently of the greatest importance.

Think of the difference between arriving with a letter one minute before the post is closed, and arriving one minute after ; between being at the coach-office a quarter of an hour too soon, and reaching there a quarter of an hour too late ; between shaking a friend heartily by the hand as he steps on board his vessel bound to the Indies, and arriving at the pier when the vessel is under weigh and stretching her wide canvass to the winds! Think of these and of a thousand other such instances, my boys, and be determined, through life, to be in time.

"We ought to keep our appointments punctually," says a writer, "for all the time we keep another waiting, he will consume in thinking evil of us;" and there is much truth in the observation.

Sometimes, it is true, painful circumstances do occur wherein every exertion to be in time is fruitless.

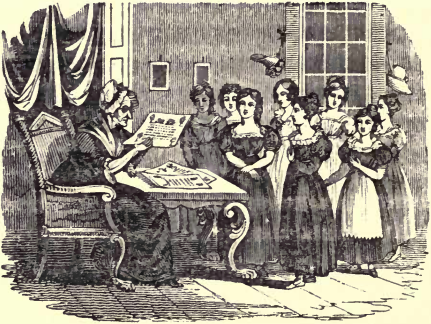
Leighton and Lindsey were friends; they had been schoolfellows, had associated much together, and served as officers in the same regiment. They were bound together by many ties, and were ardent in their attachment. Leighton had saved the life of Lindsey in battle by parrying the stroke of a sabre that must have been fatal. He returned to England, and was attacked with a malignant fever. Lindsey, on the Continent, heard of the illness and danger of his friend, and, urged by friendship, gratitude, and affection, lost not a moment in hastening to his side. Day and night he travelled with the greatest anxiety, but it was in vain; nor had he the consolation to attend on the death-bed of his dying friend, nor even to witness his body conveyed to the tomb.

He flew to attend
The sad couch of his friend,
But he gazed on his face again never:
Life ebb'd away fast,
The death-sob had passed,
And the spirit had flown for ever.

He came to the grave,
And he wept o'er the brave,
But he wandered away broken-hearted;
For the prayer had been said,
They had buried the dead,
And the mourners had all departed.

I once made an appointment to accompany a friend on a journey of importance: we were to proceed by mail, and to meet at the coach-office ten minutes before it set off. I resolved to be in time; so packed up my things, and got all ready, except shaving myself and putting on a clean cravat. Knowing that I had plenty of time, I took up a newspaper, and half an hour slipped away as I read one article after another; so that I had only just time enough to get ready. Jumping up to shave me, I found that I had packed up my razors in my portmanteau. What was to be done? I could not go without shaving, so unpacked my portmanteau; but when I had my razors, there was no hot water, and I could not shave with cold. There was no time to lose: I gave up shaving, and hastened to put on my cravat; but all my clean cravats had been put at the bottom of my box. Driven to desperation, I tied my dirty cravat round my neck, and, with my beard unshaven, sallied forth. After a desperate attempt to be in time, I heard the coachman blowing his horn. Puffing and blowing, in a profuse perspiration, a great coat on my back, an umbrella under my arm, a box in my right hand, and my portmanteau in my left, I arrived at one end of the street just in time to see the mail go out at the other.

Never since then have I been too late for the mail. Think, my boys, of what I suffered, and, as long as you live, be in time, my boys ! be in time !



Be humble.

BE HUMBLE;

OR,

THERE ARE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD MORE CLEVER THAN YOU ARE.

PERHAPS there is not, my dear girls, a single failing, in the whole catalogue of human errors, that you are more liable to fall into, than that of vanity; and none, surely, more ridiculous. You may safely conclude that every vain person is a silly person, for, instead of being proud that we excel others, we should be humble that so many excel us.

It may be said that every person is in a degree vain; but we must not excuse our errors because they are generally practised: for, depend upon it, however common vanity may be, it is much better to *be humble*, for *there are people in the world more clever than we are.*

Never shall I forget my vanity when I was a young girl and at school. My schoolmistress was very old and could scarcely see. Several of us were engaged in working samplers. The best sampler was to be entitled to a prize; and I was quite determined that mine should outdo those of my shoolfellows. My letters were done in marking stitch, in all the colours of the rainbow. I had a border an inch broad, full of eyelet holes, and as gay as a tulip. At every corner was a green yew tree, and a parrot with a bunch of cherries in its mouth; and at the bottom was worked, in large letters:—

"*This Sampler is the Work of Barbara Newbury.*

"When house and land are gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent.'

I had stolen a glance at some of the samplers of my schoolfellows, and in order to make sure of outdoing them, I made my green yew-trees, my parrots and cherries, half as big again as theirs: and my sampler looked so gay, that I felt sure it must be the very best in the school. My vanity was extreme, for I could talk of nothing but my sampler; and I showed it, when about half done, to a few around me. At last our tasks were finished, and our grand specimens of needlework were given to the old lady to decide which was the best, when to my dismay, it appeared that one of my schoolfellows, more cunning than myself, having seen the size of my yew-trees, parrots, and cherries, had made hers still larger than mine. Our old schoolmistress looked the samplers over, one by one, and decided, poor thing! in favour of the one she could see the plainest: so that my cunning schoolfellow got the prize, and I was deservedly punished for my vanity.

Samplers are got a little old fashioned since then; but you may learn from this account of mine, that in old times it was best to *be humble*, and that, however clever I might imagine myself to be, there were *people in the world more clever than I was.* O how I love to see an innocent open-hearted girl, who thinks more humbly of herself than others think of her !—for the excellencies of the humble-minded give us pleasure, while we are displeased at those of the proud.

Depend upon it, we are the most vain when we have the least reason to be so. If we were vain only of good actions and useful attainments, our vanity might be excused; but when a pretty face, a handsome dress, or a diamond ring, makes its possessor vain, she must indeed be very silly. If any of you possess beauty, it was bestowed upon you, and a day's sickness may destroy it. If you have a handsome dress, it was, in part, manufactured by the silkworm, or worn on the back of the silly sheep, or it grew unheeded in the field. If you possess a diamond, it was dug without your assistance from the bowels of the earth. What reason have you then to be vain? If you have no better things than these to be proud of, and yet are proud, again I say, that you must of necessity be very silly.

A rich man, who had one leg somewhat shorter than the other, ordered the heel of one of his shoes to be made thick enough to remedy the defect, and enable him to walk without limping; but, being very vain, he had this high heel covered over with gold: thus did he not only render more conspicuous his bodily defect, but also the infirmity of his mind, by the exhibition of his vanity.

It is not very likely that any of you will ever think of having a golden heel to your shoe, even if you are so unfortunate as to be lame; but you must remember that vanity may be shown as much in other things as in high-heeled shoes: therefore, my dear girls, be on your guard, *be humble*, remembering, however clever you may be, that *there are*, no doubt, *people in the world more clever than you are.*

To be vain of your dress is to manifest a weak mind. Let the dunghill-cock strut about in all his plumage; the swan arch her proud neck, and wave her white wings;—the turkey ruffle his fine feathers;—and the peacock expand his tail;—let them appear as proud as they please of their gay attire;—but do not, my dear girls, imitate the actions of a silly bird. To be vain of your person, is not only to be very silly, but to draw upon you the ill will of those who would otherwise be friendly disposed.

Arabella Hawkins was a pretty little creature to gaze upon, but so insufferably vain that her vanity was even more conspicuous than her beauty. When about eighteen years of age, after attending an assembly, where she had attracted much attention by the splendour of her dress, she received a note, and opened it with the full expectation of finding therein some compliment addressed to her beauty or her taste. How was poor Arabella mortified, when she read the following lines!—

"Pretty bauble, glittering toy,
Tinsell'd o'er with gaudy charms;
Thine the ever sparkling eye,
Auburn locks, and snowy arms.

"Thou a bosom canst display
Spotless as the Parian stone;
Blooming features ever gay,
Fair and soft as roses blown:

"But the chilling blast of wo
Pales the lip of Tyrian dye;
Sickness wastes the arm of snow;
Sorrow dims the brightest eye.

"Though with health the bosom glows,
Stern disease may spread alarms;
Pain the dimpled smile depose;
Age destroy the fairest charms.

"Pretty bauble, glittering toy,
Tinsell'd o'er with gaudy charms;
Pleasing trifler, tell me why
Thou art fill'd with feign'd alarms.

"Features homely, blear'd and blighted,
With a breast to virtue dear,
More than equal thine united
To a bosom insincere.

" Spurn the mirror-tutor'd feature,
Give thy beauty all its grace ;
Let a more exalted nature
Beam reflected from thy face.

" Though thy wiles escape detection ;
Though th' unwary heart they gain ;
Modest worth and true affection
Only can that heart retain."

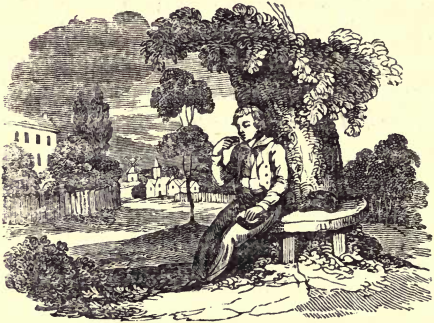
Vanity betrays itself in a thousand instances ; but in almost all of them the vain person sinks in the estimation of others in the same proportion in which she rises in her own. When we see a broad squat figure, arrayed in a huge bearskin tippet and monstrous muff ;—the fingers of a coarse hand covered with diamond rings ;—or an ugly person dressed foolishly fine ;—our attention is fixed upon bodily defects that otherwise would not be noticed ; and thus vanity proclaims what good sense might in part conceal.

Not soon shall I forget my poor dear sister Margaret, as good and kind hearted a creature as ever was born, but not without her fits of vanity. We were out together walking with a party, and my sister was very handsomely dressed in her green satin gown, a gold watch and seals hanging at her side. Gold watches were not so commonly worn in those days as they are now, and attracted more attention. I know not on what occasion it was, but a crowd of people were collected together, and we were obliged to pass through them. A gentleman of our party advised my sister to take care of her watch; but poor Margaret, thinking to obtain a little more respect than others, by the exhibition of her finery, still left the watch hanging at her side. When we had passed the crowd, the first thing we observed was that my sister's watch had disappeared. Never did I see Margaret so cast down: all her attempts to keep up her spirits were in vain; and her vanity cost her an unhappy evening and a sleepless night. Nor was it till twelve o'clock the next day that she recovered her usual good temper; for then a small parcel arrived, containing her gold watch, and a slip of paper on which was written,—

> "She who would wear a watch, this she should do,
> Pocket her watch—and watch her pocket too."

This trick had been put upon my sister by one of our party, as a punishment for the vanity she had displayed, and to convince her of the advantage of *being humble.*

I grant you that a person may be clever, and possess many good qualities, and yet be vain; for vanity is oftentimes the very motive that excites a person to excel; but, if a clever person who is vain is thought well of by us, how much better should we think of her if she were clever without being vain! Humility makes merit more meritorious; while vanity lowers it in our estimation. If you have not beauty, good temper, and information, vanity will not give you these qualifications; and if you possess them, the addition of vanity will only make you ridiculous Come then, let us all make up our minds to be humble; for, after what I have said, I think you will readily admit that we have no great reason to be proud. We may hold up our heads, and give ourselves airs in passing through life; but so surely as we do this shall we be mortified for our pains, and be convinced that *there are people in the world more clever than we are*



Make a good use of it.

MAKE A GOOD USE OF IT.

Make a good use of it, my boys. If you ask me, " Of what ?" I reply, Of every thing that belongs to you; for the real value of things consists not so much in what they are, as in the use to which they are put.

If a young girl were to curl her hair with bank-notes, they would be of no more value to her than so many pieces of waste paper. If a young man were to play at ducks and drakes with his guineas, they would only answer the purpose of pebble-stones; not because they have lost any thing of their real value, but because they had not been made a good use of. Now, when you, my boys, get bank-notes and guineas in abundance, I hardly expect that you will curl your hair with the one, or play at ducks and drakes with the other; but still you may make a bad use of them. Bear then in mind my motto:

think how much good may be done with money; and, whether you have much or little, do make a good use of it.

I dare say you have not forgotten the tale of the three plum cakes, but I will tell it you again, for a good tale will bear being told more than once; and besides, different persons tell the same tale in a different manner. For my part, I see no reason why a good plum cake should not be made a good use of as well as any thing else, and I hope you will think so too. But to my story.

You know, my boys, that the very best way of commencing a tale that is amusing to young people is to begin with " Once on a time;" so I will begin mine in the same manner.

Once on a time, three brothers, of different dispositions, had each a plum cake sent to him at school, and very happy it made them. " O! O!" said one of them to himself, " I will have a pretty treat of it: nobody shall taste my cake but myself, no, not a plum of it; I will take pretty good care of that." So, watching the first opportunity when he could get to his cake alone, he sat down and stuffed himself with it, till he could eat no longer. The consequence was, that it made him sick, and set him against plum cake for a month after; so that when he gave the rest of his cake away, every one knew that it was only because he could not eat it himself. Fancy to yourselves, my boys, that you see gormandizing Will, greedily devouring his cake alone ; or during the sickness that followed his selfish repast : and then give your opinion and say if you think he made a good use of it.

His brother Edward acted very differently. " What a foolish fellow my brother Bill is," said he, " to cram himself with his cake all at once ; for now, all his pleasure is gone, and mine is to come ! I think I know better what to do with my cake ; I will make my pleasure last long enough, I warrant me." So, locking it up in his box, he would not so much as taste it, that it might last the longer. Day after day passed, and week after week, and he neither ate any of his cake himself, nor gave it away ; until, at last niggardly Ned found his cake so mouldy, that it made his box quite disagreeable : and as to eating any of it, that was quite out of the question ; Trim the schooldog would not have touched it. What think you, my boys, of such a stingy fellow for a schoolfellow ? Only imagine that you see his good-for-nothing mouldy cake being thrown into the pig-trough ; and then ask the question as you did before—" Do you think he made a good use of it ?"

George, the third brother, was neither greedy nor stingy ; but a fine, generous, open-hearted boy, such as, I hope, many of you are : and, soon after he received his cake, he took it respectfully to his master, and asked him if he would oblige him by taking a slice of it. He did the same to his teacher : and the cake was very little the worse for it, for both master and teacher cut a very small piece, more to give George pleasure, than to receive it themselves. George then cut off a handsome slice, divided it into several parts, and, as there was not a great number of boys at the school, he gave every one a piece, except his brother William, who had already eaten so much that he was unable to eat more. George ate a slice himself, like a little king, among his companions, who crowded around him with happy faces. This method of dividing his cake, he repeated at proper times, until it was all gone ; and he had, as he deserved, the respect of his master and teacher, the good will of his schoolfellows, and the comfortable reflection, when he thought of his cake, that he had made a good use of it. My boys, do act in the same manner, for he who can make such a good use of a plum cake, is not very likely to make a bad use of any thing else.

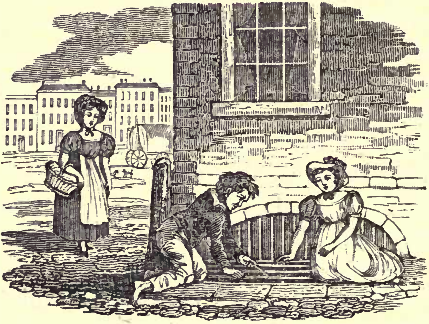
He who has a hundred pounds, by making a good use of it, may be rich ; he who has a thousand, by misusing it, may be poor. Whatever then you possess, whether it be merchandise, or marbles; wine, or water ; a purse of gold, or a piece of packstring; be resolved to make a good use of it.

Make a good use of your time, remembering that your lives are made up of moments. "Make hay while the sun shines," says the proverb ; get knowledge while you have the opportunity: for, rely upon it, that opportunity will not always be yours, and you will find a use for all the knowledge you can obtain.

Make a good use of your talents ; for talents misused, are but powers of doing mischief. If you read nought but bad books, and remember nought but bad things, your talents of reading and memory will be a sad trouble to you : but good talents employed to a good purpose, are beyond value. Whatever talents you possess, whatever attainments you have made, let them be made a good use of.

Remember, health may faithless prove,
And life is but a span;
Sincerely seek a God of love,
And dwell in peace with man.
Your duty do, and put your trust
In nought beneath the skies;
That when your bodies sink in dust,
Your souls aloft may rise.

Make a good use of your books; ay, of all of them, but especially of one, and that one is the book of books, the Bible! You will find good things in other books, but you will find the best things there, and there alone. As an old man who has found comfort therein when encompassed around with many sorrows, let me again urge you to make a good use of your Bible. From its pages ignorance may obtain knowledge, darkness receive light, despondency derive comfort, and despair partake of consolation. Twice have I already said, and once more, my boys, I will say, make a good use of your Bible.



Be considerate.

BE CONSIDERATE.

CONSIDERATION is of great value on account of the time it saves, the evil it avoids, and the comfort it secures: therefore, my dear girls, *be considerate.*

A little girl, in passing along the street, dropped her thimble, which rolled along the pavement, and at last fell through the grating of a cellar-window. She tried to reach it by thrusting her arm between the iron bars, but in vain, for she only dirtied her hands, and tore the sleeve of her frock. A stick was afterwards procured; but, though she turned it round and round in every direction, she could not make the stick pick up the thimble. A rough-looking boy, who came along, tried also in vain to get it.

At that moment, another little girl came up, who, understanding the accident that had occurred, stood a moment thoughtfully, and then said, "I wonder *which will be the best way to manage it?*" After a little consideration, she thought, if the little girl would rap gently at the door of the house, and civilly ask the servant to give her the thimble, that no doubt she would do so. This plan was adopted ; and the little girl, without further difficulty, obtained her thimble.

Something may be learned from this occurrence : for there is hardly a difficulty that occurs in life which may not be lessened, and scarcely a reasonable object that may not be attained, by simply considering *which will be the best way to manage it.*

Whether you are engaged in a trifling pursuit or an affair of importance, consider, then, *which will be the best way to manage it?* and, if you do not find great advantage from the habit of putting this question, why you may call me a foolish old woman.

Jemima Willets was a quick girl, but by no means given to consideration. Frequently did she commit a blunder that cost her an hour's trouble to amend, which five minutes' consideration would have enabled her to avoid. She was quick at figures, and had learned the Rule of Three: this, in those days, was considered a great attainment. Her schoolmistress, a shrewd, clever woman, used to put questions to her that required thought to reply to. Once, I remember, she asked her, "If one lighted taper burn for an hour, how long will twenty lighted tapers burn?"

Now a moment's consideration would have told Jemima, that if a hundred tapers were lighted at the same time, they could not burn longer than one taper would burn; but this, Jemima was too inconsiderate to think of, so she set to work immediately, according to the Rule of Three, and gave her answer, that twenty tapers would burn twenty hours: thus she got pretty well laughed at.

The next day another question was put to her: "If one man from a hill can see a distance of twenty miles, what distance can twenty men see from the same spot ?" In two minutes Jemima had done this question also by the Rule of Three; by which it appeared, that twenty men would see four hundred miles : and poor Jemima did not hear the last of the men that could see four hundred miles, for a long time after.

Jemima was one of the many inconsiderate people, who set about a thing without thinking for a moment *which will be the best way to manage it ?*

If in a large town or city you wished to call upon a friend who dwelt there, whose residence you did not know, why, you might spend a week in vain, walking about, and making inconsiderate enquiries ; but if you were considerate enough to think within yourself, *which will be the best way to manage it ?* then, perhaps, it would occur to your memory, that, in all large towns and cities, there are printed books, called Directories, which contain the names and places of abode of the persons who reside there. You would then ask at some respectable shop for permission to look into the Directory, and thus you would know, in two minutes, where your friend might be found.

Be considerate, my dear girls, and you may add to the comforts of all around you, and protect your own hearts from many sorrows. O the miseries that a want of consideration has inflicted upon the world! Plague, pestilence, and famine, have not done half the mischief that human beings have done to themselves by a want of consideration.

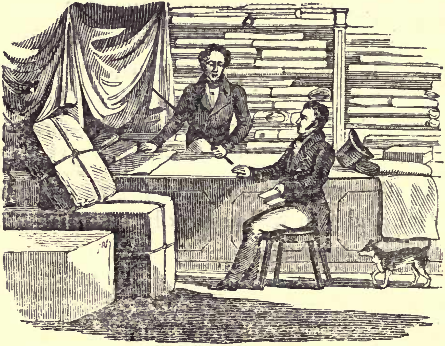
Do then consider. Life will very soon come to an end: do not pass through the world without leaving some memorial of your usefulness. Think what is the most important thing to which you should address your attention: and if there be any difficulty in the way, why consider a moment *which will be the best way to manage it?*

Though it be foolish to add the troubles of to-morrow to those of to-day, yet is it wise by consideration to lessen or prevent them ; and this a considerate person will do in a hundred ways.

Two young persons are invited to a party of pleasure. The one considers it will be more expensive to her than will be convenient ; that it will interfere with some important duty ; that it is of a description which her friends will not approve ; that she shall be better satisfied with her conduct if she refuse the gratification : so she declines the visit. The other, to whom these reasons equally apply, considers nothing, but goes to the party.

On the morrow, how different is the situation of these young persons ! The one has a heavy heart, because she has been thoughtless ; the other a light one, because of her consideration. Do *be considerate*, that you may be happy ; and rest assured, that the most perplexing difficulty will become comparatively easy, if you will only reflect *which will be the best way to manage it ?*

Be considerate, my dear girls, not merely with respect to the affairs of this life, which is only to last a few years, or months, or days, but with respect to that life which will endure for ever. If you will but consider a moment, I am sure you will agree with me, that the pleasures and vanities of this transitory world are not to be compared with the enduring glories of that which is to come. If, then, you desire to obtain that inheritance which is incorruptible, and which fadeth not away, get your Bible, give it a diligent perusal, and you will assuredly find ***which is the best way to manage it.***



Is it honest?

IS IT HONEST?

THAT is right, my boys; be cheerful, for I delight to see you so. My object is, not to make you miserable, but happy; and though many of my maxims may be serious, you may attend to serious maxims, and yet be cheerful. A word with you, my boys, about honesty.

"Thou shalt not steal" is a commandment of which you are not ignorant, and that "honesty is the best policy" is a motto well known to you all; but it may not be *so* well known what honesty really is, and what it is not. When you hear of a highwayman stopping a traveller on the road, and robbing him of his watch and money, or of a rogue breaking open a house, and running away with plate and furniture, you at once know these things to be dishonest: but, perhaps, you do not see quite so clearly the dishonesty of robbing an orchard, cheating a playmate of his marbles, or passing a bad halfpenny for a good one; yet, what could you say if in all or in any of these things the question were put to you —"Is it honest?"

Honesty requires that you shall not take an undue advantage of another in any matter for your own benefit; so that, whether you take in a companion by selling him a spoiled Jew's-harp, or whether you pick his pocket, the dishonesty is the same.

My object, in these maxims, is not so much to make them useful to you while you are boys, as it is to make them influence your actions when you are men. Many dishonest practices are carried on in the world, which, when you grow older, you may adopt, if they be not pointed out to you while you are young. I will give you one or two instances of which I have heard.

A draper, of considerable property and extended business, used so frequently to claim a drawback from those who sold him goods, on account of damage and short measure, that, although some were contented in saying he was "hard and honest," yet others would have it that he was "hardly honest."

A silk-manufacturer called upon him for an order, which having obtained, the goods were promptly sent. The manufacturer, on his next journey, called for another order. "Say nothing about an order," said the draper, "until your account is settled. Robert, reach the ledger O, I see the silk was sent short measure; we must deduct something."

"Indeed!" said the manufacturer, "my people are usually very correct; and I am surprised that they should in this instance have been so careless."

"O, you shall see the account yourself," said the draper. "Here it is, three yards short; we must deduct the amount." The three yards were deducted, and another order given. Now the manufacturer was determined that no similar mistake should occur: he, therefore, wrote an express letter home, that the order he had just taken might be executed with particular care as to measure; stating that in the last parcel the measure was short.

The goods were scrupulously measured, and forwarded to the draper: who when called upon by the manufacturer, began to talk in his accustomed manner. "How do? how do? now don't waste time in talking about any order, for you know my old custom of paying first and ordering after: let us first arrange your account. But how was it, that in the last goods you again sent me short measure?"

"I should think that to be impossible," said the surprised manufacturer, "as I wrote an express letter, that we might be correct; and, on inquiry at home, I found that the most particular care had been taken."

"I know not how that may be," said the draper, "but here is the account."

The books were produced, and four yards short measure were entered. The manufacturer was astonished, but held his peace, allowed the four yards of silk to be deducted from his account, and took another order; determined not to execute it, until he was himself at home to measure the goods. This he did, marking the measure on paper, in the presence of two witnesses, who subscribed their names to the account, and the goods were sent off. When the manufacturer again called on the mercer, the interview commenced in the ordinary manner, the mercer beginning, "How do? how do? I wanted to see you, for in carefully examining your last parcel of goods we found a deficiency: we will arrange your account first; and then, if there be any little matter wanted, why we will talk about it."

The manufacturer felt indignant at such glaring dishonesty, and stated the utter impossibility of the thing.

"O," said the mercer, "you shall see the account. Here, Robert, hand me the ledger."

The ledger was produced; by which it appeared, that in the silk parcel received, some yards were deficient.

"We are particular in keeping our books," said the mercer, "and you see the deficiency."

"I see it clearly enough in your books," rejoined the manufacturer; "but is it not possible that your books may be in error?"

"O no!" said the mercer, "we are very particular. Robert, do you not remember the silk being measured, and a deficiency being found?"

Robert confirmed the statement of his master; and, as a matter of course, a deduction was made.

"And now," said the manufacturer, producing his paper signed by the two witnesses, "if you do not immediately pay me the whole of what you have so shamefully and dishonestly deducted from my three accounts, I will expose your knavery; and be assured, that if I ever again hear of your deducting for short measure from the account of any respectable manufacturer, I will directly give publicity to the scandalous fraud you have practised towards me, and, probably, towards others also."

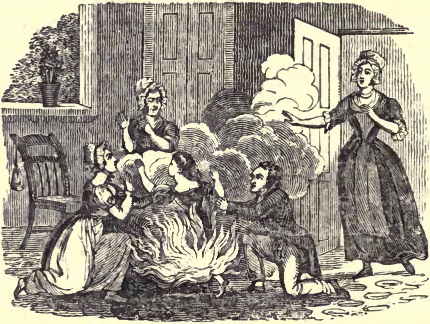
The draper, finding it in vain to attempt a justification, was obliged in the most abject manner to return the amount of his dishonest drawbacks, and to promise that no improper deduction should in future be made.

Now, my boys, there may or may not be truth in the narration; but I am afraid it is too much akin to the usages of the world to be altogether false: and yet perhaps, those who would thus act are not only considered honest, but believe themselves to be so, and would shrink from dishonesty, and loudly revile all who practise it themselves. Surely, my boys, this could not be, if the question were put in these transactions, "is it honest?"

I well remember once being told by one of a most respectable firm, of a transaction which, though it showed much ingenuity, and occasioned a great deal of mirth, was certainly not to be commended on account of its integrity. The house I allude to had an order for brown paper, and had promised that it should be particularly good. The tradeswoman who had given the order was a sharp, shrewd woman; and it was expected that she would examine the paper very closely. Now it happened that the house in question had, at that time, a stock of paper that was of inferior quality; and to pass off this paper required some contrivance. It was at last agreed that a cart should be loaded principally with the bad paper, and a bundle or two of excellent paper placed at the top, the strings of which were to be cut almost through: and when the man delivered the paper, he was, as he entered the warehouse, to break the cut strings, and fall down, as if by accident, and scatter the paper about the warehouse. The paper was sent; and Richard, the man, taking up a bundle of the good paper, carried it up stairs, but no sooner did he enter the warehouse, than down he fell, scattering the paper in all directions. The tradeswoman hastened to the spot, and, finding the man apparently but little hurt, picked up first one quire, and then another; tried them with her hands, then with her finger-nails, and finally said that the parties had kept their word, and sent very good paper. Richard piled the rest of the paper among some other bundles that were already in the warehouse, and returned home, laughing at the excellent trick he had so successfully played. The tradeswoman having so thoroughly examined the paper that fell, did not inspect the remainder till a considerable time after, when it was too late to think of returning it. This affair was ingenious; it was laughable; but I think, my boys, you will allow that it was far from being honest.

In trade, alas! there is too much dishonesty practised; but dishonesty is not confined to trade. There are some boys, who, so as they can have their joke, think but little of the sorrow it may occasion others, and never ask the question—"Is it honest?"

Such a one was an old schoolfellow of mine, of the name of Andrews. Andrews was at a village fair, with some companions. A countryman had been driving a pig, with a cord tied round his leg; the pig was heartily tired, and laid himself down; and the countryman loosed the cord, to take a pot of beer at the door of a public-house. Andrews had been rebuked by a cross old woman who sold apples and gingerbread; so he took the opportunity, and slyly tied the loose end of the cord around the leg of the old woman's stall. Most of his companions crowded round the stall under pretence of buying something, when suddenly the stall began to move, and the old woman, in a rage, seized hold of it with both her hands. The pig, which had got up, finding himself fast, began to kick, to squeak, and to pull, with all his might. The old woman held her stall as fast as she could, but the pig was too strong for her, and away he went, squeaking with the stall at his heels ; while the apples and the gingerbread were scattered in all directions. Many of the fair-people ran to the assistance of the old woman, and the countryman ran to the assistance of his pig ; and between the one and the other they kicked up a pretty hubbub. A famous joke it was to be sure as far as Andrews and his companions were concerned ; but what was it on the part of the poor old woman, who lost the best part of her apples and her gingerbread ? It is true that she was a cross old woman ; but was it honest to serve her thus ? and may not the question be put to many of the pranks that schoolboys play ? Be upright in all your dealings : and that you may be so, put the question in every one of them—" Is it honest ?"



Be useful.

BE USEFUL;

OR,

UNDERVALUE NO SERVICEABLE KNOWLEDGE.

It was a saying of a certain Spartan king, that the young ought principally to be instructed in that which they would have most need to practise in riper years. This observation is more than two thousand years old, but it is as well adapted to every useful purpose now, as it was when it was first made. Be then, my girls, of the same mind as the Spartan king, and *undervalue no serviceable knowledge.*

O the pleasure of being useful! Look around you, my dear girls: think what you are, and what you probably will be; and pick up every thing you can in the way of information, to enable you to make others happy. You cannot be happy yourselves unless you contribute to the happiness of others. To do this, you should not only know the wants of those around you, but also the best methods of relieving them.

I have known women who have passed through the world like ministering angels; errands of mercy were their principal employments; their joy was to give joy to others: and though you are now but girls, why may you not by and by follow their example?

It is a good thing to be well informed, and talented, and accomplished; but it is a better thing to *be useful.* If you are useful in the creation, you are worthy of respect; and if you are not useful, all the wit and wisdom of the world will not make you respectable. Should you be of the same way of thinking, you will be determined to *be useful,* and will *undervalue no serviceable knowledge*: for they must form a strange estimate of a female, who consider her less delicate, less talented, or less agreeable, because she knows how to make herself *useful.*

As you pass through life, a thousand instances will present themselves wherein you may *be useful:* but remember you must learn how to be useful when young, if you wish to become so in riper years. Without interfering with her other pursuits, a young person may, by observation and enquiry, soon obtain a stock of practical knowledge, to enable her to act a useful part among the many accidents and afflictions of life; yet how frequently does it occur, when any one is burned, or scalded, or falls into a fit, or meets with any unusual accident, that the persons around are all in confusion, not knowing what should be done? Why, a very little on the part of a young person would enable her to act in all these cases, and a hundred others, without confusion, and with certain benefit. A female should know all these things; and I recommend you to obtain this knowledge, that when an accident occurs you may be collected and *useful.*

A servant of mine, of the name of Lucy, married; and when she left my habitation with her intended husband, I did not expect to see her again for some time, and was much surprised by her appearance on the afternoon of the same day. Her left hand was wrapped up in a handkerchief, and she soon told me the cause.

The wedding-ring being somewhat too large, her husband had bought her another ring as a keeper to the former one, and this keeper was sadly too small; so that, soon after Lucy put it on, her finger began to swell. At first she thought little of it, but at last it grew so black, and was so frightfully swollen, that she became alarmed. Her husband wished her to apply to a surgeon, but this Lucy refused, fearing that some terrible operation might be necessary; so she set off directly to me, believing, as she simply said, that if I could not get the ring off, no one else could.

The flesh of the finger had nearly closed over the keeper, and was so discoloured that it appeared ready to burst. It was a new case to me, but, luckily, I remembered hearing many years before of a method to get a tight ring from a finger ; so, keeping my fears to myself, I attempted to remove the ring. Knowing that poor Lucy must be put to some pain, I first gave her a glass of wine, and then procured a needle and strong thread. After repeated attempts, I succeeded in getting the eye of the needle under the keeper, and in drawing the thread a few inches through it. The thread below the keeper was wrapped around the finger rather tightly, and with great regularity, to reduce the size of the finger. Then, taking hold of the thread above the keeper, I began to unwind it : the thread, pressing against the sides of the keeper, gradually moved it. Very glad was I when the keeper had passed the middle joint of the finger ; but even then there was much to be done, for the finger was like a drumstick, the blood being forced to the end of it.

The keeper and ring were at last removed; and I should now never despair of getting a ring from a finger, by the same simple means, under the most unfavourable circumstances that could possibly occur. Try, my girls, to remember this, for you may have opportunities of rendering the knowledge useful. I named this circumstance to an intelligent physician, who, some time after, came to me with a ring so tight upon his finger that he could not by any means get it off, and requested me to repeat my experiment, which had before been so successful. As this case was not so difficult as the other, it was soon disposed of, for in a few minutes I succeeded in removing the ring. Let me advise you, my young friends, to try this experiment a few times on your own fingers; and you will then see how very easily you may remove a ring from the finger of another. This matter of a tight ring may appear trifling to you, but I assure you it was no trifle to poor Lucy, nor would it be to any one in a similar situation: therefore do not forget it. *Undervalue no serviceable knowledge.*

Females have usually so active a part assigned to them in the bodily afflictions of life, that every young person should early qualify herself to discharge duties so very important to the welfare of others. To dress a wound, to apply a leach, to put on a blister, may, by many, be considered not only painful occupations, but hardly such as a delicate female can practise: and this opinion might be correct, could we always have at hand proper assistance, and if we were not so liable, as we all are, to require those kind offices from others. But, alas! in a world where all are appointed in wisdom—

> To groan,
> The tender for another's pain,
> The unfeeling for his own;—

it becomes us to bind up the bruised, and to soothe those sorrows which our own hearts so soon may feel. Remember, my dear girls, it does not follow that we must do a thing because we know how to do it; but it does follow, if we do not know how to do a thing, that we can neither do it ourselves, nor direct another to do it for us.— Look about you then, qualify yourselves to be *useful*, and *undervalue no serviceable knowledge.*

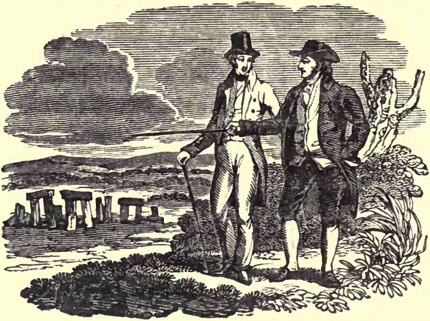
What a common occurrence it is for a chimney to be on fire, and yet how few there are who know how to extinguish a fiery chimney in a proper manner! This is a piece of information so valuable that all ought to possess it.

I once saw a fiery chimney put out, when the burning soot was falling in all directions. I grant you, my girls, that young ladies are not usually called upon to put out the flames of fiery chimneys; but if they were enabled to direct servants how to proceed in such cases, many a serious affair might be prevented. In the case I allude to, a pail of water was procured, and the doors of the house closed. The water was then sprinkled on the fire in small quantities as rapidly as possible so as to produce a continual steam: this steam ascended the chimney, and in less than ten minutes extinguished the flames. When the soot of a chimney has once caught fire, it is of little use to put out the fire in the grate; but if water be applied in the manner I have related, the flames in the chimney will soon disappear. This also is well worth being committed to memory, if you are at all disposed to *be useful* and to *undervalue no serviceable knowledge.*

I believe we are never more liable to lose our self-possession than in cases of fire: it is therefore of importance to know how to act when such a calamity occurs, for our confusion principally arises from being ignorant how to proceed.

I once heard the screams of a child which, at first, I did not sufficiently regard; but when they became more violent, I ran to the spot, and there saw a little creature all in flames. The persons around her had endeavoured to tear off her clothes while she stood upright, but in vain; and she was dreadfully burned about her breast and throat, the fire of course burning upwards. Now had these people laid the poor child flat on the ground at once, they might have preserved her breast and throat from so serious an injury, and, in all probability, have saved her life. The child died in two or three days after.

It does not signify, my dear girls, but you must really *be useful:* so begin by remembering the few things that I have narrated, and add to your stock of information on every favourable opportunity. You will think the better of yourselves, you will be thought the better of by others, if you take my advice, and persuade others also to *be useful*, and to *undervalue no serviceable knowledge.*



Steady.

STEADY!

Different people, my boys, are affected by different maxims; one is struck by something sesious, another by something merry: for myself I have been more influenced by the maxim on which I am now speaking than by any other. "Steady!" is a maxim that I have reason to remember; for it has been to me a watchword,

And warm'd my heart, and given me power,
In many a dark and troubled hour.

That is this a world wherein much is to be enjoyed, I trust you have already found; that it is a world wherein much is to be endured, you will find by and by: but I will never lower your spirits nor oppress your hearts with gloomy forebodings of dark and dismal events.

No, no; to be cheerful and innocently happy, is a duty, when you can be so, because you thereby contribute to the happiness of all around you. Yet, as much is to be borne, and much to be achieved, it is well to be furnished with motives for endurance and action. A crust of bread to the famished beggar, and a draught of water to the thirsty traveller, will cheer their fainting frames; and a good maxim will, at times, be as a cordial to a man's heart. We see that the rich become poor, the strong are made weak, the bold become fearful.

There are moments when the best of men are overtaken by temptations, and the bravest tremble at the bugbears of their imagination. All should, then, be provided with suitable support to bear up under reverses, and steadily to wage war with despondency.

I could point you, my boys, to a thousand excellent maxims that are written in your Bibles, well calculated for all the contingencies of life; but, as I am giving you a few moral maxims, I will draw your attention to that contained in the word "steady."

When Hollyoak the highwayman was about to suffer death, he faltered sadly till one of his comrades near the scaffold cried out, "Steady !" Hollyoak was collected in a moment, and suffered death with intrepidity. Now, if the word "steady" could give courage to a highwayman under the sentence of a painful and ignominious death, surely it may be of some use to more respectable characters. Remember then, my boys, the word "steady."

A young man once came to an aged Christian, and asked him how he could best worship God. "There are," said he, "so many sorts of Christians; pray tell me of which sort I ought to be ?"—"You ought to be a steady Christian," was the reply of the holy man, "and then you will have nothing to fear." It is an excellent maxim, my boys, and you must resolve to practise it.

Through all the strife that troubles life,
To brave the blast be ready;
Or high or low, come weal or woe,
Be steady, boys! be steady !

In many a toilsome march have I perseveringly plodded on under the potent power of the word " steady ;" and, encouraged by its spirit, many a deprivation have I patiently endured. By night and by day, in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, I have found its influence. When in peril on land, and surrounded with dangers ; when tossed on the raging deep, amidst blackness and storms ;—I have been calm on repeating the word : so that, knowing its value, my boys, I recommend it with all the fondness that an old man can feel for that which has been useful to him. Indeed, my boys, you must really adopt the maxim, and be steady.

" Steady, boys !" sings out the boatswain, amidst the bounding breakers ;—" Steady !" says the officer, as he leads on his men to storm the battery of the foe ;—and wondrous is the influence of the word. It does not signify talking ; but I shall not be satisfied till you promise me, my boys, that you will be steady. Be steady in your studies, if you wish to attain knowledge; in your friendships, if you value your friends; in your integrity, if you wish to be trusted: in short, whatever be the temptations that allure you, or the troubles that surround you, be steady, and you will overcome them all.

Never shall I forget crossing Salisbury Plain with a companion, when all our toil, our hunger, and our thirst, was bravely borne, under the influence of the word "steady!" We visited Stonehenge, that pile of stupendous stones that has excited so much the wonder of modern times.

"Who rais'd the wondrous pile?" I ask'd, with pride,
And paus'd for a reply; but none replied,
Till Time pass'd by; who answer'd with a frown,
"*I cannot tell; but I will pull it down!*"

Be steady, my boys, with respect to time, but especially in regard to eternity. You may think me serious; for young people like sugar better than vinegar, and relish a pleasant tale more than a serious exhortation. But the mind, like the body, at times requires a little physic; and the bitter may be more efficacious than the sweet. Gulliver's Travels, and the History of Sinbad the Sailor, are more pleasant to hear than the Maxims of Uncle Newbury. There is, however, a time for every thing; and, at the present, you must give a little attention to the maxim "Steady!" You are young, but you may be old; you live, but you must die; you are in time, but you will shortly be in eternity: do then, my boys, be steadily resolved to pursue all that is good, and to avoid all that is evil.

O that I could give you the steadiness and the spirit that I wish you to possess! then should you be patterns for all the young people in the world.

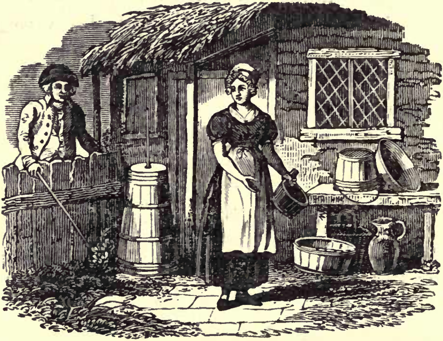
Then should you meet the mingled strife,
  That throngs this earthly ball;
Press bravely through the cares of life,
  And overcome them all.

Then should your bosoms warmly glow,
  And grateful thoughts arise;

And your young hearts, while here below,
  Spring midway to the skies.

But, as I do not possess this power, all that I can do is once more affectionately to urge you forward in doing all that you know to be right, and resisting all that you know to be wrong.

10



Be kind.

BE KIND.

One might think, my dear girls, that, when you are so dependent for peace and happiness on the kindness of those around you, it would be quite unnecessary to advise you to *be kind* one towards another; yet, alas! there is so much of unkindness in the world, that perhaps it may not be amiss to urge you to *be kind* to each other.

It is so easy to be kind, that to be otherwise is inexcusable. Kindness consists not so much in doing some great thing for another, as it does in uniform good-will, and in a desire to add to the pleasure or comfort of others in the common affairs of life. I have known a little flower kept for a week as a token of kindness; an encouraging word remembered for a month; and a deed of kindness spoken of for years. Do *be kind* one towards another.

Some people have a spirit of kindness about them that is ever showing itself. It was delightful to see my brother Newbury walk down the village where for a time he had lived: he had a kind deed for many, and a kind word for all. Thus would he talk to the good people as he passed.—"Ay, ay, Joseph, so you are getting your potatoes into the ground: I will send you a few of my blue kidneys to put in among them; they will soon spring up, and you will find them to be some of the very best that ever you saw." "Well, Molly, how does your husband go on? But poor soul! I see that he looks but weakly yet. I am going to the butcher's, and shall send him a bit of mutton, and you must make him a basin of good broth. Take care of him, Molly; for good husbands and honest men do not grow on every bough." "Why, Sally, have you done your churning already this morning? That's right, my girl! Industry puts a colour in your cheek, that you have no need to be ashamed of." Why, every one in the village loved him, and every one will love you, if you manifest kindness. *Be kind* then one to another.

Be steady in your kindness, and not given to change your conduct on light occasions; for how often it occurs, that human beings, closely united in friendship for years, by some misunderstanding, or change of circumstances, become strangers to each other. I once knew one, who, in days of darkness and sorrow, felt bitterly the loss of a friendship that had been once dear to him; and I was present, when, taking up his pencil, he wrote the following lines:—

"Once, in days that since have faded,
Hours of bliss that now are fled;
When no tongue my heart upbraided,
And no cloud hung o'er my head;
Kindly thoughts awhile oppress'd me;
Fond regard and friendship free;
Then it was I thus address'd thee,
'O, my friend, remember me!

"'Shouldst thou need, (and human blindness
May not scan the future hour,)

Shouldst thou need a deed of kindness,
  Such as lies within my power;
Shouldst thou e'er in sickness languish,
  'Wildering scenes of sorrow see;
Grief, and want, and pain, and anguish;—
  O, my friend, remember me!'

" Ay, and I believ'd the vision,
  While I gaz'd the future scene,
Mark'd with honour or derision,
  Thou wouldst be, what thou hadst been;
Whether wealth or want enroll'd me;
  Mirth or madness; gloom or glee;
Still my kindling spirit told me,
  Thou wouldst yet remember me.

" Well, that idle dream is ended,
  That bright vision now is o'er;
Sorrows with my days are blended,
  And I see thy face no more.
Still this wounded heart shall bless thee,
  Pour a prayer for thine and thee,
Though it ne'er again address thee,
  'O, my friend, remember me!'

" Hast thou sought me in my gladness,
  Sought me with a friendly glow?

Dost thou shun me in my sadness,
When reproach has laid me low ?
Though the world were mine, I could not
Keep my wandering thought from thee ;
Had I all thy heart, I would not
Bid that heart remember me.

"Time has chang'd, and grief has bound me ;
Care has settled on my brow ;
Bitter thoughts are gathering round me ;
Shadows hide me from thee now.
Hope, and joy, and love, and lightness,
Years of rapture, rest on thee ;
But amid their blissful brightness,
Never more remember me !"

With what affection we call to mind those who were kind to us in our earlier years ! They live in our hearts' warmest emotions : their names, their persons, their manners, are all remembered. O, do *be kind* one to another.

How encouraging a kind word is, when the heart is oppressed ! or a kind call in a period of sickness ! Every little expression of sympathy does us good : for it tells us that there are people in the world who are interested in our welfare; and this knowledge is dear to us all.

Why cannot we be always kind to each other? Surely the troubles of the world would then be lightened; and many a heart, that is bowed down by affliction, would leap with joy. I know not how it is, but there is in these bosoms of ours too much disposition to unkindness. Sometimes, even school girls love to torment one another; and, instead of dwelling in affection, regard each other with hatred and anger. *Why should we be at enmity one with another?*

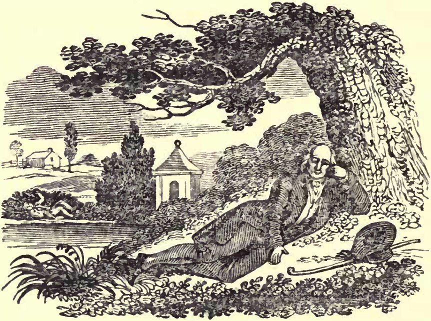
I had a schoolfellow who was dear to me, and I thought that I was equally beloved: but it happened, that when some of her friends were present, I recited some lines better than she did and from that moment her love appeared turned into hatred. I cannot tell in how many instances she showed her unkindness; but no opportunity was lost to mortify me or to give me pain. At last, my affection for her also was destroyed; and I proved, too often, that I had power to sting her. I wish that I had not done this, for soon after she sickened and died; and frequently, since then, have I shed a tear over the grave of Ellen Hastings. *Be kind*, my girls, and gentle and forgiving.

Do not lightly pass over this tale of my youth, but turn it to some advantage. Try to subdue your angry passions. *Why should you be at enmity one with another?*

Whenever you feel otherwise than kindly to any one;—when "anger, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," take possession of your hearts against one whom you consider to be an enemy; —endeavor to call to mind her latter end. Bitter indeed is your resentment, if you can fancy that you see her lowered into the cold grave, and hear the earth rattle on the lid of her coffin, and still retain your anger. I believe that very few when reading a tombstone, feel much anger against the poor inhabitant mouldering below, however much he may have injured them. No, no: it is better to "give place unto wrath." *Be kind* one to another; remembering the injunction of one greater than man:—"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." *Why should you be at enmity one with another?*

When we consider how kindly God has dealt with us, we shall be inexcusable in dealing unkindly one towards another. There are sighs and sorrows enough in the world already, without our increasing them; therefore, let us not only talk about kindness, but practise it.

To think kindly of each other is well; to speak kindly of each other is better; but to act kindly one towards another is best of all. Whether then, my young friends, you think,speak, or act, do it kindly, and forgive every injury, for *why should you be at enmity one with another?*



Set about it directly.

SET ABOUT IT DIRECTLY.

AY, set about it directly, my boys, if the thing you mean to do be worth doing, and if it do not interfere with any other duty. Set about it directly; or a thousand things may occur to prevent your setting about it at all. You know the old copies that you have written over and over again—"Delays are dangerous," and "Procrastination is the thief of time:" you may rely upon it that they speak the truth. Almost all men form good resolutions; and the only reason that I can assign why so few of them are put into practice is, that they are not set about directly. We think that our resolutions will ever remain the same; whereas they change as frequently as the wind.

Did you ever observe the sand on the sea-shore; it appears fixed as though it would never alter, yet the very first time the tide comes up it is moved about and assumes quite another shape. So it is with the minds of men: hope and fear, success and disappointment, joy and sorrow, pass over them; and one impression is obliterated by another so continually, that if any thing is to be done, it ought, if possible, to be set about directly.

I know that you will say, "The most haste makes the worst speed;"—that "Second thoughts are best;"—that "The wise take time for reflection;"—and that one of my own maxims exhorts you to "think." But, remember, that I do not want you to set about any thing at all until you have, by proper reflection, and the exercise of your judgment, determined that it ought to be done. No, no, I do not want you to go, neck or nothing, into every wild goose undertaking that may appear at the moment to be advisable. Take time to decide: but, when you have decided, then, I say, talk not of to-morrow, but set about it directly.

The best proof in the world that you can give of your intention to do a good thing, is to begin it. You may have a thousand good intentions in your minds, bright and beauteous as the illuminated clouds of heaven; but, like those clouds, your designs may lose their brightness with the setting sun. The one good deed that is begun to-day, is worth the hundred that are to be begun on the morrow.

Some people fall into this error, and some into that; but all of us are given to delay doing what ought to be done directly. It requires much resolution to break through a bad custom and to establish a good one; but much may be done by setting about it directly. It has been said, with much propriety, that there are hopes of a boy, however faulty he may be, who can break himself of one bad habit. Now, as the habit of putting off until another time that which ought to be set about directly is a very bad one, do, my boys, show, by overcoming it, that something may in future be expected from you.

Believe me that every effort to do good in youth will add to the peace of your old age. If, therefore, you have any thing praiseworthy that you intend to perform, hesitate no longer, but set about it directly.

Fancy to yourselves two old men, one of them peacefully reclining on a bank of violets, the other turning and tossing on a bed of stinging nettles. The former is like the good man, who, in the decline of life, though surrounded with infirmity, has the grateful recollection of his numberless kindnesses showed to others. The latter resembles the unhappy being who is stung in his old age by the follies of his youth and the wickedness of his manhood. Come, my boys, set about something good directly, and try to obtain the bank of violets.

Delays are indeed dangerous. Well do I remember, in my by-gone years, that a friend promised to give me some information closely connected with my future prospects; but the information was promised on the "morrow." Under the full impression that the promise would not be realized, I wrote thus to my friend:—

Unnumbered joys thy path surround;
And be thy every sorrow
Baseless and unsubstantial found,
As that unmeaning "morrow!"

—unmeaning indeed, for it never yet has arrived, and now it never can.

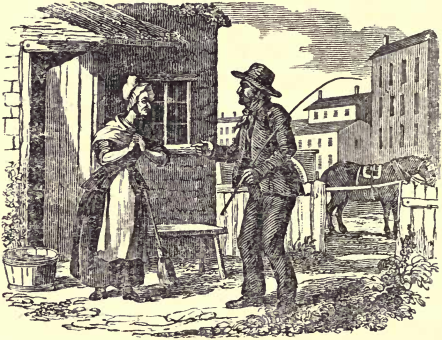
Life is too uncertain to trifle with the opportunities we have of doing what ought to be done. How many are there who intend to finish some great undertaking, who never find time even to begin it.

How many in this world of sorrow,
Who hope from folly to be free,
Who mean to mend upon the morrow,
Alas! that morrow never see!

How common is the error of a man's neglecting to make his will, until sudden affliction deprives him of the power of fulfilling his intention; and thus is his last hour embittered by the consciousness of his neglect. Alas! why could he not set about it directly?

And then, my boys, how many are there among us,—young and old, healthy and afflicted, —who, under the full conviction that "life is but a vapor," still neglect to make suitable preparations for death, by seeking to know Him whom to know is life eternal.

Come then, my boys: if you have a friend, serve him; if you have an enemy, forgive him; and if you have unnecessarily delayed a single duty that I have pointed out to you, be persuaded not only to set about it, but to set about it directly.



Be upright.

BE UPRIGHT;

OR,

VERY LITTLE IS GOT BY DISHONESTY.

When I say, my girls, *Be upright*, I do not mean that you should not pick each other's pockets, steal each other's gloves, or rob each other's purses. No, no!—these are terrible things, and I have not formed such an opinion of you as to suppose you either weak or wicked enough to do them: but I want you to act uprightly in all your words and deeds, with all honesty and sincerity; for we may be very dishonest without stealing, and wrong each other without robbery Try, my girls, to form a clear notion of dishonesty. If, after your schoolfellows had sold you a thimble which they said was gold, and a brooch which they assured you was set with diamonds, you discovered the thimble to be pinchbeck, and the diamonds to be mere beads of glass, would not this be as much an act of dishonesty as though they had robbed you of your money? To be sure it would. Remember then, whenever you deceive others to injure them, that you act dishonestly.

There are many who by tattling, talebearing, and misrepresentation, rob others of their character and good name, and yet consider themselves very honest people: why is not this as bad, nay worse, than robbing them of their money? *Be upright*, my girls; for *very little is got by such dishonesty.*

An upright, honest, straight-forward course, is easy; a course of deception and dishonesty is hard, and beset with innumerable evils. The one is like walking along a bowling-green; the other like scrambling amidst thorns and briers If you would keep your heart from sin and sorrow, *be upright*, my girls, *be upright!*

When I said that very little was got by dishonesty, I meant, very little good: for of evil we well know enough will be procured. He, who deceives another, sadly deceives himself: he may obtain a little wealth, but he will lose a great deal of peace. My dear girls, if you would keep your brows unclouded, have no dark, deceitful, lurking designs in your hearts; *be upright*, for *very little is got by dishonesty.*

I will tell you of an occurrence at which you may be inclined to smile; but whether you smile at it or not, it is true, and took place in the days of my youth. Not soon shall I forget Molly Morton. She was a poor woman, and in the habit of applying in her difficulties to a friend who was better provided for than herself. This friend used to advance her a sufficient sum of money to enable her to buy a load of coals. Molly paid for one load before she had the money for another, being a very upright woman. It was on one of these occasions that Molly applied as usual to her friend to advance her the money for a load of coals; when, to her great disappointment, she was refused the accustomed favor: some untoward circumstance or other had either soured the temper of her friend, or disabled her from advancing the money. "You must not come to me, Molly," said she; "for I have lent you money long enough, and I can lend it to you no longer." This hasty reply overwhelmed Molly with consternation, for she knew no other friend in the world who would lend her the money.—"What shall I do!" said the poor woman, "what shall I do!" "Do!" replied her friend, "Why, go home, and fall down on your knees, and pray to God that he may provide for you: for I tell you again that I can provide for you no longer." Away went poor Molly, struck dumb by the angry manner of her friend, and by the consciousness that she had no means of procuring coals to make her a fire. After turning the affair over and over again in her mind on her return home, there appeared no hope left, and she began really to think of following her friend's advice, namely, to ask of God to do that for her which no other friend would do. Poor Molly had not been brought up in the "fear of the Lord," and to put up a prayer was a new thing to her; but though she did not believe putting up a prayer could be of the least advantage to her in her trouble, still, not knowing what else to do, she was constrained to do something, for her trouble was great. Up stairs she went, and, kneeling down against the bed, she prayed to God as well as she could, in her simple language, to befriend her in her extremity. While she was thus engaged, a loud rap at the door called her away from her devotions; and, when she descended, to her great surprise, there stood a carter with his whip in his hand, who told her, that he had brought her a cart-load of coals. "A cart-load of coals!" cried the astonished woman! "why, who sent them?

they cannot be for me." "Yes, but they are though," replied the carter: "is not your name Morton?" "Yes, my name is Morton, sure enough: but I do not know who would send me a cart-load of coals." "I tell you," said the carter, "that the coals are for you, and there is no use making a fuss about them, so make haste and get them in, for I have put them down at the door, and the sooner you get them in the better." It was in vain that Molly expressed her doubts about the matter; for the carter would have his way, and left her to manage as she thought proper.

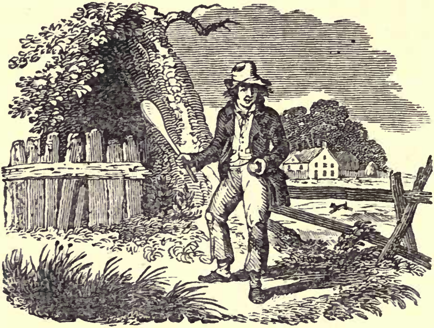
Molly, conscious that she had been engaged in praying that she might be assisted, knew not what to think of it; but as the carter had left the coals, she at last set to work, and got the coals into the house, placing them up very closely together: this was a work of some time and great labor. Scarcely had she finished her task, when back again came the carter.—"Why, mistress, the coals are not for you after all!" "There now!" said poor Molly, quite frightened at what she had done; "I told you that I knew the coals could not be for me, and you would have it that they were for nobody else." "Well, mistress," said the carter, "it's no use talking about it now, for I tell you the coals are not yours, so we must tumble them into the cart again as soon as we can: but let me see where you have put them!" When the carter saw the place into which Molly Morton had crammed the coals, and how closely she had piled them up, he said it was folly to think of putting them into the cart again, for he was sure that he had no time to do that; so he told her she must go along with him. Away went Molly Morton with a heavy heart along with the carter to the wharf the coals were sent from, to give a full and particular account of the transaction, and to prove that she had no dishonest intention in getting in the coals. After some inquiries, the proprietor of the coals, believing Molly to be an honest woman, agreed to trust her with them, on condition of her paying a certain sum every week. This Molly very gladly undertook to do, and kept her word; so that, when the coals were paid for, the proprietor readily entrusted her with another load. Thus, from this simple circumstance, Molly Morton, when she least expected it, found relief in her distress; and was, for a number of years afterwards, regularly supplied with coals on the same terms.

I do not know whether Molly Morton was more frequently on her knees at prayer after this circumstance; but whether that was the case or not, this adventure teaches us that she received some advantage from being upright. Molly acted wisely; for had she not been upright, she would soon have found out the truth of the adage—*Very little is got by dishonesty.*

If we possessed any mode of comparing the happiness of the upright with the unhappiness of the dishonest;—if we could see the peace and cheerfulness of the one, contrasted with the trouble, the restlessness, and the fears, of the other;—we should then plainly see, that it was best to *be upright*, and that *very little is got by dishonesty*. But if we have not the opportunity of making this comparison in other hearts, we have the advantage of making it in our own. Whenever, then, you have been mean enough to overreach a companion, or to deceive a friend, what has been the reward you have obtained?—you have sunk in your own estimation, and deceived yourselves. Youth is the season of frankness, generosity, and openheartedness: far from you be all the little meannesses of deceit and dishonesty; for if ever you should unhappily leave the path of integrity, you will too soon be painfully instructed, that it would be better to *be upright* and that *very little is got by dishonesty.*

I will tell you how you may know, on any day of the year, or any hour of the day, if you are really upright:—*ask your own heart!* It is of no use to ask your neighbors; they have their own affairs to manage: you need not ask your enemies, for they will be sure to speak evil of you: and, as for your friends, they are the worst people in the world to put the question to; they know nothing about the matter: therefore, ask your own heart in sincerity; and it will honestly reply.

If, after all that I have said, any of you feel inclined to doubt whether uprightness and strict honesty are so advantageous as I have represented them, I do not wish you to trust to my word alone, nor to the instances that I have brought forward. No; ask the word of God: and I know that it will tell you, that "the integrity of the upright shall guide them; but the perverseness of transgressors shall destroy them." *Be upright*, then, my dear girls, *be upright:* and remember that *very little is got by dishonesty.*



Be tidy.

BE TIDY.

Show me a boy who is tidy; and I will show you one who will attend to his books, find pleasure in improvement, and be a credit to those who belong to him. Tidy habits are capital things, you may depend upon it; and therefore it is that I say, Be tidy, my boys! be tidy!

You may think it a very little thing to be tidy; but—

> ————"as one sublimely sings,
> What great events arise from little things!"

and sure I am, that very great benefits result from tidy habits.

You cannot tell how much you will add to your comfort, and to the comfort of others, by being tidy: you will do things with half the trouble, enjoy them much more, decrease your vexations, and increase your pleasures. If books be kept clean, you will have pleasure in reading them; if clothes be taken care of, they will look better, last longer, and be ten times more comfortable to wear. Take care, then, of your books and your clothes, and be tidy.

What use is there in doing a drawing well, if it is to be doubled up in your portfolio, and creased, and rumpled, and crumpled, till you are ashamed of showing it to your friends? Where is the good of having a book thumb-marked, and dog-earèd, and dirtied, so that any one may know it to be the property of an untidy dunce at the distance of a dozen yards? Away with such habits, my boys, and be tidy.

I will draw you the picture of Clement Collins, as untidy a young rogue as ever spun a peg-top, and you will judge whether you like it or not. And, first, I will describe his dress. His hat was of no form, or rather of all the forms you can imagine; for he used it in all the games of cob-nut, hop-hat, bear-baiting, and football, so frequently, that it would have been a notable hat indeed, had it retained any thing like a decent appearance. Every now and then a button was pulled from his jacket, to play at pitch-and-hustle with. The inkstand had fallen, more than once, over his corduroy trousers; and to find Collins without his stockings hanging loosely about his heels would have been a wonder indeed. Sometimes he lost a garter; and then he cut the other in two parts, to answer the purpose of a pair, and received but little or no benefit at last, each part being too short for his purpose. His shoes, as a matter of course, were down at the heels; for he never could wear any for a week without making them so.

What a bustle there used to be whenever any of his friends came to see him at school! what washing and scrubbing! what picking and changing of his clothes! for the difference between his best and worst was not very striking: what hurry-scurry proceedings took place before Collins could be shuffled into the parlor!—a very hopeful son truly for a father or a mother to gaze upon! His hands were always dirty, and his books much in the same condition as his clothes: the leaves were torn from one, the cover was stripped from another, and the illustrious name of Collins was scrawled two or three times on them all. No boy had a copy-book with more blots in it, and no account-book could be shown with half the number of mistakes corrected by the master. He was forever losing his slate-pencil; his pens were never wiped when he had done with them; and if he happened to have a penknife, he might almost as well have tried to make a pen with an old iron hoop as with it; for Collins's penknife was used on all occasions, and the knife that cuts a bat-stick will seldom make a good pen. In short, in clothes, in books, and in all things with which Collins had to do, he was the most incorrigible, careless, and untidy lad that I ever knew.

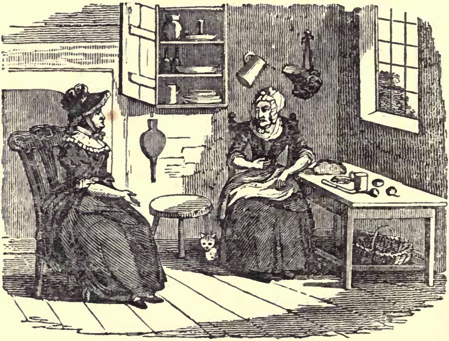
I do not want you to be for ever looking at a clean frill, or admiring your white hands; but there is no reason on earth why you should be either pert coxcombs, proud of yourselves and your clothes, or untidy slovens, of whom every one else would be ashamed.

Some years ago, there lived, in London, a shopkeeper of extended business, who was so proverbially dirty and untidy in his habits, that he went by the name of Dirty Dick. The windows of his warehouse were never cleaned; his shop seldom swept; and his premises were filled with goods put together without order: in short, all was confusion, dirt, and untidiness. How he contrived to get through his business, no one could tell, as he did it almost all himself, and his untidy habits must have imposed upon him double trouble. Even now he is always spoken of by the name of Dirty Dick; and though the premises he occupied have undergone a great change, yet are they almost as well known by the name of "Dirty Dick's premises," as they are by that of their present occupier. If any of you wish to be known through life by a similar title, you cannot do better than imitate the example of Dirty Dick; but, if you would avoid such a stigma, if you would deserve and receive respect, do leave off all dirty and careless habits—be tidy, my boys! do be tidy!

If it were possible for you to know the anxiety of your parents and friends on your behalf, there would be less reason to impress either this or any other maxim on your minds; but, while young, you cannot know this anxiety to the full. When a boy is at school, many an hour is spent by his parents in thinking of and providing for his welfare; and his good or bad conduct imparts seasons of joy or emotions of bitter disappointment. If, then, you really love your parents, fail not to do what you think they will approve, and among other things, my boys, be tidy.

There are many young people who think a schoolmaster little better than a cruel tyrant, because he restrains their excesses, and punishes their acts of disobedience; but the very occupation of a schoolmaster implies that he is so well educated as to be enabled to instruct others in what they ought to know: he is, therefore, entitled to great respect; and the restraints and punishments which he imposes should not be considered as the cruel commands of tyranny and injustice. It is a proof that your parents think highly of your schoolmaster, in having put you under his care; and, believe me, my boys, there are few persons in the world to whom we are under such great obligations as to those from whom we have received instruction. Think well, then, of your teachers; nor add to their trouble by being untidy.

I am not so young as you are, but I would not on that account quarrel with the merriest grig among you. No! no! be as happy as you can, for dearly do I love to see you scampering about with health in your faces, and happy hearts in your bosoms; but you may do all this, and enjoy your accustomed games, without being untidy. If I were younger, I would challenge the blithest of you at trap and ball, peg-top, prison-bars, or cricket; but, as it is, I must be satisfied in seeing you play by yourselves. Play on then with all your hearts; but neglect not the advice of a cheerful old man: and whether at play or at work, within doors or without, alone or in company, wherever you are, my boys, be tractable, be temperate, and, especially, be tidy!



Be satisfied.

BE SATISFIED;

OR,

ALL WILL YET BE WELL.

O, WHAT a piece of service should I render you, if I could prevail on you to *be satisfied!* This would do more towards making you happy, than if I could give you the mines of Mexico. More peace, more heart's repose, more real joy, would flow from such a source, than you would obtain from the possession of a world. But though I may not be able to give you such an inestimable treasure, I will still urge upon you the advantages of being *satisfied*, and hoping that *all will yet be well.*

I once knew a very rich, wise, and aged woman, who lived in an almshouse. "What!" say you, "lived in an almshouse!—that can be no great proof of her wisdom. If she were really rich, why did she not dwell in a habitation of her own, like other rich people?" Ay but, my dear girls, you are forgetting that

> " *True riches* are they which will not pass away,
> And *true wisdom*, the fear of the Lord."

Rebecca Roberts, it is true, had neither houses nor land, and if she had money she kept it very snugly, for I never knew her to possess more than a few shillings beforehand in her life: yet, for all this, Rebecca was rich. Though she had neither mansions nor money, she was *satisfied* without them: this satisfaction constituted her riches. In every joy, and in every sorrow, she believed that *all would yet be well.*

Many a time have I sat me down while Rebecca has eaten her mid-day meal. Sometimes this was composed of a slice of bread, a few onions, and half a pint of beer: nor could she with a more grateful spirit have thanked God for his bountiful provision had her table been spread with dainties, than she did for that slender supply. She was *satisfied;* and never was I convinced of the truth of the texts, "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure, and trouble therewith." "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Rebecca Roberts found more peace in her Bible, than many people find in the whole world. Among the many things it taught her, it instructed her to be *satisfied;* to trust in God's mercy, through her Redeemer; and to be confident that *all would yet be well.*

When I urge you, my girls, to be *satisfied,* I do not want you to sit still twirling your fingers, nor to lie down and go to sleep. No, I cannot bear to see a drawling sleepy creature, that is contented to remain in dirt and disorder, rather than to use a little exertion to be cleanly and orderly; or to remain beset with all the ills of poverty, rather than by industry to acquire comfort and independence. This is an idle slovenly disposition, disgraceful to the being who gives way to it. But I want you to be of a contented, cheerful, and satisfied spirit, rather disposed to thank God for what he has given, than to repine after what he has withheld: in this sense it is, my dear girls, that I wish you to *be satisfied.*

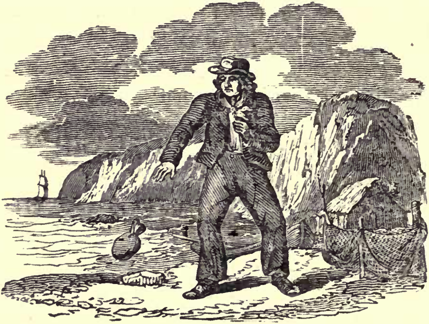
On whatever account you may be discontented, if you look around, you may find reason to *be satisfied.* If you see others richer than you are, you may also see many that are much poorer. If you know those who have better health, you must also know those who are more heavily afflicted with sickness. Nor can you, perhaps, in any instance, point out a trouble, or a trial, wherein others are not more severely exercised than yourself. Do then reflect upon this with a tranquil spirit, and *be satisfied:* fear nothing, and *all will yet be well.*

Try to gain this spirit of satisfaction in the little as well as in the greater affairs of life: every hour will offer occasion to call into exercise such a disposition with advantage. *Be satisfied.*

To get large possessions is one way of becoming rich; to be satisfied with little is another. I do not say that the latter is the easier, but certainly it is the most secure way: for large possessions, when obtained, may be lost, while a satisfied spirit has hardly any thing to lose: *be satisfied.* What a vast distinction there is in the happiness of a being who can look around at the merciful arrangements of the Almighty, in reference to himself and to all that are dear to him, and *be satisfied;* and in the happiness of another, whose troubled, discontented, and repining spirit, can see nothing to give him pleasure. The one can repose his interests and his all with Him who has already conferred upon him so many blessings. The other is unmindful of his mercies, through his desire to attain something which he possesses not: he feels no confidence, he expects no permanent joy.

Do, my dear girls, accustom yourselves to look at your mercies, rather than to dwell on your wants and your desires. Do *be satisfied*, and cast your burdens upon Him who has promised to sustain them, under the confidence *that all will yet be well.*

I have passed on through youth, maturity, and age; I have known both to want, and to abound; to suffer, and to enjoy: and I can truly say, that to possess health, and wealth, and the abundant sources of gratification in the world, is not of so much importance to our happiness, as the possession of a *satisfied* and grateful heart. This can alone be given by Him who bestoweth our other mercies. Seek to obtain it, my dear girls, and you may then indeed *be satisfied;* and hope, even "against hope," that *all will yet be well*



Envy not another.

ENVY NOT ANOTHER.

"O! HOW I wish that I had a carriage!" said Morton, as a coach and four rapidly passed him Morton was a hearty young fellow, and was trudging along the turnpike-road with a bundle hanging from a stick over his shoulder. "I wish that I had a carriage," said he, "for happy must they be who possess one: but no, no! I was not born to be so lucky, and must tramp my way through the world as well as I can."

There was enough, certainly, in the carriage to attract the attention of any one: for it was of the most elegant construction, and a coronet was painted on its pannels; fleet and beautiful were the coal-black long-tailed horses that drew it; and the postillions were clad in the gayest livery. At no great distance from the spot where the carriage passed Morton, it suddenly stopped, the postillions reining in their horses with a sudden jerk; and Morton arrived just in time to see the happy owner of the carriage descend from it. Alas! alas! little of happiness was to be seen: for the rich man, with all the assistance of his servants, moved with great difficulty; and before he could stir a step, a pair of crutches, the upper part of them covered with black satin, were placed under his arms. Morton caught a glance of his face, distorted as it was with pain, and heard an impatient ejaculation fall from his tongue. Morton now saw, how little a carriage, and fine horses, and gay equipage, could do towards making a man happy, if health had been denied him; and, pursuing his journey, he determined in future to "envy not another."

Never do we more mistake matters, my boys, than when, judging by what we see, we think this or that person better off than ourselves. Too many have I known, in the course of my life, who carried happiness in their faces, and heaviness in their hearts; so that I do intend, in future, to practise the maxim, "Envy not another."

Observe, my boys, once for all, that the maxims I give you are meant to make you wiser and better; and, therefore, your reading them without reducing them to practice will be of no use at all.—"Envy not another."

I remember, when very young, looking at a man who wore a silver plate on the top of his head; and I thought to myself what a grand man he must be. But some time after, my boys, I was told the reason of his wearing it, for he had been trepanned, that is, having met with an accident, he had been obliged to have a portion of his scull taken away, and the silver plate was worn to defend the part from injury; so that in this instance, I was taught, at an early age, the maxim—"Envy not another."

"What makes you so contented with your lot?" said one to an old man who was reading his Bible. "Because," replied he, "God knows what is best for me to have, and has promised, in this book, to give it to me." If he believed this, no wonder, my boys, that he was contented: if you believed the same thing, you would be contented too, and there would be but little necessity to tell you to "envy not another."

You may, my boys, have seen, before now, a soldier on parade, dressed up in his regimentals; or a sailor on board his vessel, when dressed in his blue jacket and white trousers; and you may have wished to be soldiers and sailors yourselves: but, had you met the same persons after an engagement, and seen the soldier hobbling on crutches, and the sailor walking on a pair of wooden legs, you would have admitted the wisdom of the maxim—"Envy not another."

Alack-a-day! we are continually running into the error of desiring to be like others, especially those above us: for to be rich, and to be happy, is the same thing all the world over, until we are convinced of the mistake.

In former times, lived a poor fisherman, who hardly ever knew one day how he should provide for another. It chanced that he had to carry some fish that he had caught to a fine mansion, where he saw so much splendor, that he concluded happiness must depend on riches alone: envy filled his breast, and he sighed to obtain riches.

In a short time after, he had a bag of money left to him; and then he expected to be as happy as a prince: but he never dared to stir from his hut, lest he should be robbed of his treasure. The want of exercise took away his appetite, so that he did not enjoy what he ate or drank. As to sleep, that was out of the question; for the night was consumed in planning how he should protect and make the most of his property.

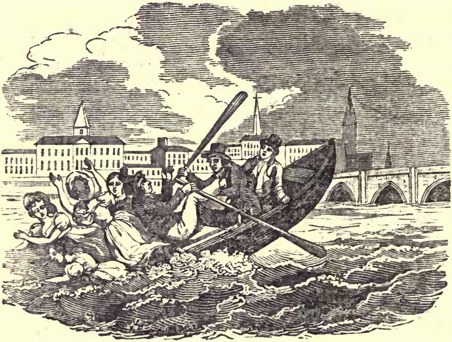
Wearied with watching, he, at last, flung the bag of money at his feet, and broke out into this empassioned exclamation—"Lie there! for thou hast indeed made me poor. Before I possessed thee, I enjoyed the little that Heaven bestowed upon me; and ate, and drank, and slept, and walked abroad, in peace: but of these, my only comforts, thou hast deprived me!"

The sudden possession of wealth is rarely a benefit; and our desires to obtain it are among the most idle in which we indulge. Look not, my boys, on those that are above you with envy: be assured, that they have their troubles; and, if you knew them, you would perhaps more readily attend to the maxim—"Envy not another."

As you grow older, and pass through the world, look about you; imitate the virtues of all, but envy not the possessions of any. Forget not, that the principal value of things *here,* consists in their connexion with an *hereafter.* The sum of worldly honours and possessions is soon told—

Not more than these the proud may boast,
  The rich, the wise, the brave;—
A mouldering stone, an epitaph,
  A green sod, and a grave.

You are old enough to know these things, my boys, but you must not be angry at being reminded of them. Uncle Newbury must tell you a few plain truths now and then. He would not be your friend, if, while he endeavoured to amuse you by an occasional tale, he did not keep his eye upon the far more important object of imparting a word of instruction, calculated to restrain you from evil, comfort you in affliction, and encourage you in the practice of every good. You will soon see things with different eyes, and hear with different ears, ay, and judge of things by a different judgment than that you now exercise. Envy not another then; but encourage each other, that your deeds be not such in time, as may occasion bitterness through eternity.



Be collected.

BE COLLECTED;

OR,

ENDURE IT PATIENTLY.

AY! *be collected*, my dear girls, do *be collected:* for self-possession is beyond value. Some people are, positively, more frightened at an ant, than others are at an elephant. I knew a clergyman who was so terrified at the appearance of an owl, that he always lost his self-possession when he saw one. Unfortunately, as he read prayers one afternoon in a country church, an owl kept flying backwards and forwards across the church. This was a distressing thing to the clergyman, though it amused some part of his congregation; for every time the owl flew towards the pulpit, the minister suddenly stooped down, and put his hand over his eyes, nor was it without great difficulty that he managed to go through the service.

We should make great allowance for a timid disposition; for when foolish fears have once got possession of the frame, it is very difficult to repress them: but for a female to scream out, as though a house were on fire, at the sight of a spider, a mouse, or a frog;—to run as if a wild bull were at her heels, when she sees a cow quietly walking at the distance of a hundred yards;—or to faint on receiving a letter containing mournful intelligence;—is neither creditable to her education, nor to her understanding. Neither spiders, nor frogs, nor mice, are fonder of our company than we are of theirs: and if we only give them the opportunity, they usually convince us of this by getting out of our way as fast as they can. A cow is a very harmless creature, and very seldom does any one an injury, unless she is excited to anger. And if we cannot read a letter that afflicts us, without being overcome, how shall we bear the manifold afflictions of life? Do, my dear girls, gain the habit of being *collected* in dangers, and *enduring patiently* the trials that overtake you. Depend upon it, that our fears magnify our dangers. If we looked our troubles steadily in the face, we should bear them better, and overcome them more speedily.

I do love self-possession; and when I see people scampering, and screaming, jumping on this side, and on that, to avoid dangers that have no real existence, I cannot but think that they are far more important in their own estimation than they ought to be. Do *be collected.*

I well remember three of my companions getting into a boat to be rowed across the river, when the weather was a little rough. "Now, ladies," said the boatman, "I will thank you to keep steady, or we may, perhaps, get capsized." There were three other passengers in the boat; and scarcely had they pushed off from the shore, when the boat heeled a little on one side. My three companions had no self-possession. Forgetting the injunction of the waterman, they all rose up screaming, and rushed to the opposite side of the boat. Thus, in a moment, the boat was capsized; they were all plunged into the water; and with great difficulty were saved from drowning.

How common it is to see persons in a boat rise up suddenly on the least appearance of danger; and thus, by want of self-possession, they bring on themselves the very calamity they would avoid.

Never shall I forget the calm and collected demeanor of a young lady who was with me in a storm at sea, near the coast of France. O! it was grateful to gaze upon her, as she stood upon the deck of the vessel watching the fury of the elements with a serene countenance. Some fine horses on board were nearly mad from the rolling of the vessel; and one of them leaped over the place in which he was confined, and plunged about on the deck, scattering the sailors in all directions. A bold fellow held down this horse several hours during the storm; though once he had nearly plunged into the sea. The attitude and calm countenance of the young lady were admirable.—

I mark'd her mid the whitening surge,
Around the storm was roaring;
Her bright eye wandering o'er the wave,
The watery world exploring.

Though rudely blew the winds of heaven,
No spell of danger bound her;
But calmly stood the creaking deck,
The billows breaking round her.

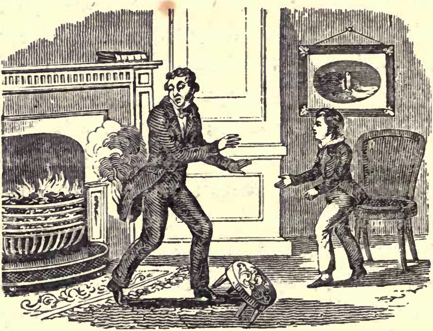
So long as this poor wilder'd brain
Retains that fierce commotion,
So long that form shall calmly stand,
And live mid memory's ocean.

With how much more pleasure and self-respect we look back on our conduct, when we have endured an affliction patiently, and been collected in seasons of difficulty! Impatience and irresolution can ill endure a trifling trial; while

> "Resignation looks with placid eye
> E'en on the storm that wrecks her."

I think it was during the Revolution of France, that a lady abbess and her nuns were led to the guillotine. As they left their prison, they began their hymn to the Virgin. When one was beheaded, the remainder paused not; when another fell, they continued their strain; a third perished, but the song was unbroken. It grew weaker as their number diminished, until one shrill voice alone was heard chaunting the song of praise: nor did it cease, even for a moment, until the descending axe of the guillotine severed the neck of the last fair victim. O, my dear girls, that we all possessed an equal degree of self-possession and piety! If they could persevere even unto death, in raising their song to the Virgin, ought not we to persevere in praising the Creator, the Preserver, and the Redeemer of mankind? ought we not to be "faithful unto death," that we may receive "a crown of life?" I have known persons, naturally timid, when under the full influence of Christian principle, triumph over their fears both in life and in death. Great advantages are sometimes derived from constitution and education, in bearing the evils of life: but nothing, my dear girls, short of confidence in God through the Redeemer, and a conviction that "all things work together for good to them that love God," can be expected to make us collected in the prospect of death. Think of this, my dear girls. *Endure patiently* what God in wisdom requires you to endure. *Be collected*, not only in trivial trials, but in the heaviest calamities. Look upwards, and all will yet be well.

Your every woe is weigh'd by power divine;
If earth be dark, then heaven will brighter shine.



Think.

THINK.

You will think this a very short maxim, my boys, and so it is; but I hardly know if I have given you one of more importance: and if you will put it in practice, it will much assist you in practising all the others. The evils that are brought about in this world for want of thought are more than can be numbered.

I dare say that some of you, when calling to mind my maxims, will say to yourselves, "Why what a wise old man he must be, if he practises all the advice he gives to others!" Very true, my boys; but perhaps it is in some cases because I have not practised it, that I am the better enabled to impress the advantage of it on your minds. He who has ben snugly tucked up in a good warm bed during a stormy winter's night, can say something about the value of a good lodging; but the poor fellow who has no bed at all to go to, who is obliged to "bide the pelting of the pitiless storm" through the darksome hours of the night, can say a good deal more about it. The hungry man knows a great deal better the real value of food than he who feeds on venison and turtle; and he, who has smarted because he has neglected good advice, knows its value a thousand times better than he who has profited by following it. Now it happens, my boys, that I know both sides of the question; for I have benefited by attending to good advice, and smarted for neglecting it: therefore, pay attention to the maxims I may lay down.

If the drunkard would think, as he entered the pot-house, of the evils of poverty, and of the pressing wants of a half-starved wife and children;—if the gamester would think, before he threw the dice, of the despair that awaits him when plunged in sudden and irremediable ruin; if the murderer would think, before he plunged the dagger into the breast of his fellow-man, of the fearful denunciation against him who sheddeth man's blood;—how much misery, torment, and despair, would be avoided! Think, my boys, in all your pursuits; and endeavor to prevail on others to think also.

It is said, that a father once enjoined a hasty son always to think three times before he spoke once. The father was standing with his back so near the fire that the tail of his coat was caught by the blaze; on seeing which, the son said, "Father, I think!"—"That is right," said the father, "but what is the subject of your thoughts?" "O, I think!" repeated the son. "Very good!" the father added, "but now tell me what it is you are thinking of?"—"Why," rejoined the son, "I think, father, that the tail of your coat is on fire."—"You young rogue!" cried the father, turning round in a passion, and finding his coat skirt half burned away, "you young rogue, why did you not tell me at once that my coat was on fire?"—"And so I should," replied the son, "but you told me always to think three times before I spoke once."

Now, my boys, when I tell you to think, I do not mean that you should spend that time in thinking which ought to be employed in acting. If the case require thought, never act without it; but many cases require prompt and immediate action. If a child is in danger of being run over by a carriage;—if another is in the act of drowning;—a third near to the brink of a precipice;—or if an accident occur, like that of the gentleman's coat being on fire;—he who would be of any service must stretch forth his hand immediately, and act with decision.

The clown praying to Jupiter to assist him to get his cart out of the slough, instead of whipping his horses and putting his shoulder to the wheel;—the Portuguese praying to a crucifix in a storm at sea, instead of working away at the pump to relieve the ship from the water in her hold;—are instances where human beings are represented as guiltily neglecting the use of faculties which they possessed, and which ought to have been brought into action. Therefore, my boys, think when thought is necessary; and act with spirit and energy when action is required.

A relative of mine was awakened one night at an inn, by the cry of fire. Up he jumped from his bed, and hurried on a part of his clothes; but when he attempted to leave the room he could not find the door. In vain he walked round the room, and felt with his hand every part of the wainscot as he went, for no door could he find; nor could he, in his agitation, remember at all the town where he was. After much time lost in fruitless attempts to get out of his chamber, he sat himself down, as calmly as he could, to think of the places he had passed through. By this process he ascertained the town where he was; and, as he always frequented the same inn, and generally slept in the same chamber, he was enabled immediately to walk to the door: which, had he not sat down to think, he probably never would have found. Think, my boys; and be assured that you will not accustom yourselves to do so in vain.

He who thinks wisely is the most likely to act wisely; for actions proceed from thoughts. When we say that a person acts thoughtlessly, or without thought, we mean that he acts without suitable or sufficient reflection. The spendthrift, the libertine, the gamester, the thief, think, in all their errors, to secure a present advantage; but they neither think suitably, nor sufficiently, of the bitter consequences that must inevitably follow their mad career. Think, my boys; for reflection is a noble faculty of the soul: it raises man above his fellow-men; it enables him to make the best use of the best things; it points out the impolicy as well as the wickedness of vice; it shows the comparative littleness of worldly ambition; and enhances the value of all that is pure, and heavenly, and eternal.

Mid every pleasure think on time,
  And call to mind your fleeting breath;
Ponder on eternity;
  Early learn to think on death:
Think much on all things great and small,
But most on Him who made them all. ..

If the fool would think, he would be a fool no longer. If the wise thought more, they would be wiser than they are. Thinking aright never yet hurt any one; but the want of thought has ruined thousands.

If a boy neglects to think about his lesson until he is called upon to repeat it;—if a man does not think about getting his bread until he has no bread to eat;—both the boy and the man will be obliged to think, when they are least capable of thinking with advantage.

It is not thinking long together, but thinking habitually, that I want to impress on your minds. The habit of thinking about things is of more value, my boys, than reading, writing, casting up accounts, and all your other attainments put together.

If a boy could tell the meaning of every word in the dictionary;—repeat every line that ever was written;—read all languages, and speak the tongues of all nations;—unless he reflected on what he knew, and was in the habit of thinking, he would still be a simpleton. Do then, my boys, obtain the habit of thinking as soon as you can.

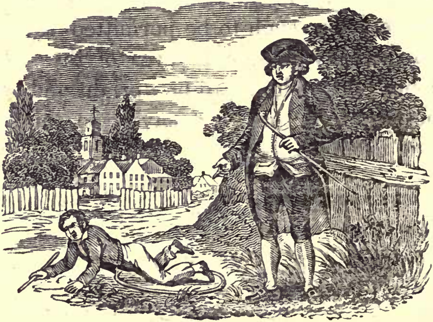
Osman, an Arabian robber, came to the cell of Benkaled the anchorite. "Benkaled," said he, "I am successful, I am powerful, I am rich; but I am not happy: tell me what I must do to become so?"

"Think!" replied Benkaled, placing a scull before him, and leaving him to his reflections.

Osman did think, and abandoned his guilty career; for when Benkaled was numbered with the dead, Osman ocupied his cell;—

And there, upon that ragged rock,
All barren, rude, and bare,
In rigid abstinence he pass'd
A life of praise and prayer.

I do not want you to be anchorites, for you owe society too much to be permitted to dwell alone in solitary cells and caves of the wilderness; but I do wish you to be upright and useful characters; and that you may be so, think, my boys, do think!



Will it mend the matter?

WILL IT MEND THE MATTER.

"Will your putting yourself into a passion mend the matter?" said a greyheaded old man to a boy who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. "The dog barked at you in playfulness, and had no intention of biting you."

"Yes! it will mend the matter," said the passionate boy, and immediately dashed the stone at the dog. The animal thus enraged sprang at the boy, and bit his leg; while the stone bounced against a shop-window and broke a pane of glass. Out ran the shopkeeper, and seized the passionate boy, who had mended the matter finely, for not only had he been bit by the dog, but was obliged to pay several shillings before he was set at liberty.

Alas! I wish this were the only instance wherein impatience has changed an imaginary evil into a real calamity. I well knew a man who had every comfort around him—houses, and lands, and money in his possession. Unfortunately, he quarrelled with a neighbour, and would go to law. A friend pointed out to him that the injury his neighbour had done him was, at the most, very trifling, and asked him if he thought going to law would mend the matter.

"O!" said the other, "my neighbour is a scoundrel, and I will go to law with him if it should cost me my last shilling!" And sure enough he did go to law with him to his sorrow; for he lost his houses and his lands, and I knew him when his pockets contained not a single shilling.

This disposition of impatience begins to show itself very early in life. A child in petticoats will pull off the head of his wooden horse, because one of his playmates has pulled off its tail: but, indeed, my boys, this is an odd way of mending the matter.

It was but the other day that I saw a youngster fall down; and I should have helped him on his legs again, but he set up such a bellowing and blubbering, that I left him to himself, that he might find out whether bellowing and blubbering would mend the matter.

To make "the best of a bad bargain" is a wise course to take; for the proverb says, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire!" and very often do we exemplify the proverb by our rashness under trial.

Very few are the calamities that may not be mitigated by prudence, or aggravated by folly. We are not surprised when a drunken man, under vexation, takes up the poker, and begins to dash and smash in pieces the furniture of his house; for we conclude that the man is, for the moment, out of his proper mind, and that when he comes to himself he will see clearly enough that he has not mended the matter: but for any one in his senses to act thus, is indeed a proof of folly of which we should be ashamed.

But I know, my boys, that, in spite of all I can say, some of you will be impatient. If then you happen to fall into a scrape, and in your vexation are determined to run your head against a wall;—to break your shins against a post, and to tear the hair from your head;—why, I shall by no means object to it, providing that you do not begin to do either the one or the other, before you have coolly considered whether it will mend the matter.

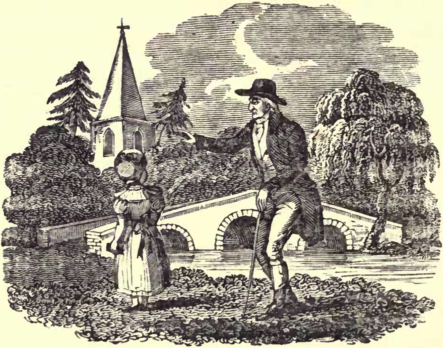
No, no, my boys, take the word of an old man: it never did, and it never will mend the matter, to put ourselves in violent passions under the many vexations that occur in life. If the matter be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder to endure when you are in anger. If you have sustained a loss, it cannot but be increased by the loss of your temper.

There is something so little minded and silly in either man or boy giving way to sudden phrenzy, that I hope you will set yourselves against it with all your hearts. The child who throws down his bread-and-butter because it is not so big as he wishes it to be;—the boy who tears his kite in pieces because it has not flown exactly to please him;—and the man who spends five pounds to avenge an injury not amounting to five farthings;—are all equally silly, and richly deserve that addition to their troubles which they bring upon themselves. Try then to be calm in trifling vexations; and when greater troubles arrive, why then, my boys, bear them bravely.

Though blackening clouds the heavens deform,
  And lightnings cleave the sky;
Look calmly on the coming storm;—
  It yet may pass thee by.

Or if it thunder down amain,
  Thy God, who bade it roar,
Can still thy fainting heart sustain,
  Till all its rage is o'er.

I do think, my boys, that you must see, at once, the advantage of this maxim; and I can imagine I hear one of you saying to himself, under a vexation, "Well! it is a bad job, sure enough, and I am sadly vexed: but I will try, for Uncle Newbury's sake, to bear it with good humour, for if I put myself in a passion, will it mend the matter?"



Be grateful.

BE GRATEFUL;

OR,

GRAVE IT ON THE TABLET OF YOUR HEART.

And now, my very dear girls, after urging upon you many things, I at last urge you to *be grateful:* for if you are not *grateful*, every other benefit has been bestowed upon you in vain. If you are ungrateful, then may you look around without emotion; but not so if you are *grateful:* for the volume of creation, though written in different languages, is always intelligible to a *grateful* spirit, and you will read, in every page, of the goodness of God.

I am an old woman now, and if I were not grateful, the very "stones would cry out:" for so much of kindness have I received from my fellow-creatures, and such continual blessings at the hand of God, that my grey hairs would testify against me, if I did not thankfully acknowledge, that "goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." To lack gratitude at seven years old would be bad enough; to want it at seventeen would be much worse; but to be without it at seventy would be enough to make me absolutely odious. Do, my dear girls, hearken to an old woman, and *be grateful.*

Be grateful to your parents, your instucters, and your friends, for all their affection, their solicitude, and their kindness: but let great gratitude take possession of your hearts towards Him who gave you not only these, but every temporal and spiritual mercy. Think of his goodness, and *grave it on the tablet of your hearts.*

The following little piece was written by my grandfather, who was a good man, and very sensible of the value of the motto—*Be grateful.*

"In yonder vale a hawthorn blows,
That ne'er repines at frosts or snows;

Though cold its place, though lone its lot,
It buds, it bears, it murmurs not.

" Content with what the season brings,
Down in the vale the linnet sings;
Though coarse and scant what it acquires,
Nor more nor better it desires.

" The swain that holds the useful plough,
Though deep the mire that he goes through,
Whistles and sings, and thinks that he
Shall happiest among mortals be.

" No bird, nor bush, nor ploughman knows
The blessings Heaven on thee bestows:
Higher gifts thy soul should higher raise
With satisfaction, love, and praise."

Do not ask me for what you should be grateful; for, if I were to try for a week, I could not tell you: I could only point out some of the many things that you ought to *be grateful* for. If you have hearts in your bosoms disposed to value the gifts God has bestowed, not an hour will elapse in which you will not find abundant motives for thankfulness.

In the season of youth, when health, and innocence, and good spirits, all unite to make that which is bright brighter, and that which is happy happier in our estimation, how many things crowd upon us in the compass of a morning walk to make us *grateful!*—the blue heavens, the rising sun, and the refreshing breeze; the growing grass, the springing flower, and the green leaf; the waving wood, and the silvery stream; the painted butterfly, the wild carol of the rejoicing birds, and that harmony of the heart which such a scene is calculated to inspire. If, my dear girls, you have partaken of these things, and have not been grateful to the great Bestower of them, then well may you hide your face with both your hands. O, *be grateful;* for gratitude will add a value to all your possessions.

How many are the hours that we pass in enjoying the favours of God! and how few are the moments that we devote to his praise! Oftentimes do we assemble in the presence of the

Most High in his holy temple, when our hearts are wandering wide away from the remembrance of his mercies.

A very little girl was once asked what she went to church for. In the simplicity of her heart she answered, "I go to hear the *too-ra-loo*," meaning the organ. Now, my young friends, I fear many of us, besides this little creature, have been to church to hear the *too-ra-loo:* for when we have gone there with any other than grateful feelings, or with any other intention than that of praising God, our motive, in all probability, has not been a whit better than that of this little child. Well would it be for us, if we were all more *grateful*. How foolish is the heart that is not grateful!—for if we consider aright, we shall estimate our possessions not so much by their abundance as by the amount of comfort and happiness they bestow. How rich is the grateful spirit, however little it may possess! how poor is the miser, amid his money-bags, without gratitude! We must

"Forbear to call him blest,
  Who only boasts a large estate,
Should all the riches of the west
  Meet and conspire to make him great.
"Let a broad stream, with golden sands,
  Through all his meadows roll;
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
  That wears a narrow soul."

And narrow indeed must that soul be, that is continually partaking of benefits and never acknowledging them. Let this not be the case with you. If health is throbbing through your veins;—if cheerfulness is sparkling on your brows;—if happiness is dancing in your hearts; call to mind that these things also are the gifts of God, and *be grateful.*

Did you ever try to count the mercies of a day? If you ever did, you tried in vain; for you could not number what was innumerable: can you think of this, and be ungrateful?

While I speak to you, my young friends, I speak to myself also; for I know, to my sorrow, that my heart is guiltily forgetful of manifold mercies. If we more frequently considered how little we deserved, and how much we received at the hands of the Almighty, surely we should all of us *be grateful.*

Have you ever gazed on the wide, the vast, the illimitable ocean? have you stood spell-bound by the boldness of the broad-breasted mountain, and dwelt with delight on the retired beauty of the peaceful valley, without your eye and your heart being raised to Him who has clothed with sublimity and beauty these "his lowliest works?"—then, indeed, have you sinned by your ingratitude.

Reflect for a moment on the health you possess; the comforts you partake; the happiness you enjoy: on the advantages of education; and the blessings of friendship and affection. Think of the benefits of this world; the gift of revelation; and the promise of the world that is to come. Surely you cannot think on these things, and not *be grateful.*

If you are not grateful, all these things, yea, sun, moon, and stars, every hill and valley, the whole earth, and the whole heavens, are witnesses against you; for these, whatever other purposes they fulfil in the creation, are given for your benefit: all their brightness and their glory, their usefulness, order, harmony, and beauty, have conspired to add to your happiness.

For you, the earth puts forth her thousand dyes,
And worlds of splendour sparkle in the skies.

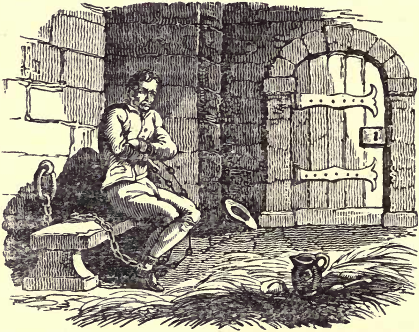
But, O! immeasurably beyond these are those enduring and eternal benefits laid up for those who love God; things that the eye has not seen the ear heard, nor the heart conceived. Has then the Redeemer, the Lord of life and glory, given himself for you? did he die that you might live? and do you not feel grateful? Think of your weakness, and of his amazing power; think of your sins, and of his salvation.

"How great his power is, none can tell;
Nor think how large his grace:
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face."

Do you think that I am talking to you in too serious a manner? O, my dear young friends, I cannot be too serious on such a subject. If I have endeavoured to amuse you by lively anecdotes, it has been that you might imbibe the lessons of instruction they are calculated to convey. If I am now unusually grave, it is that I may impress on your hearts the conviction how much you owe to your Father who is in heaven. No, you must not be ungrateful; but rather let every faculty of body and soul be devoted to his praise: for of what avail will be all your good qualities, if you are not *grateful?* They will only proclaim the magnitude of your mercies, and the extent of your ingratitude.

You may be *cheerful* as the lark; *orderly* as a matron of fourscore; *humble* as a true Christian;

and *considerate* as prudence can make you:—you may be *useful* all your days; *upright* in all your dealings; and *kind* and affectionate one towards another:—you may be all these, and *satisfied* with your joys, and *collected* in your sorrows; but, if you are not *grateful* to Almighty God for his mercies, then are you unworthy of the manifold blessings you enjoy: your youth cannot be happy; nor have you the prospect of peace in your old age. Be, then, every thing that is good, but especially *be grateful.* Let the goodness of God be ever present to your thoughts; *grave it on the tablet of your hearts:* so that on earth you may prolong the "lovingkindness of the Lord," and that in heaven your praises may be as boundless as eternity.



Do not deceive yourself.

DO NOT DECEIVE YOURSELF.

THERE are few people who knowingly deceive themselves; but a great many who deceive themselves without knowing it. I hope, my boys, you will do neither the one nor the other.

Perhaps we never deceive ourselves more than when we endeavour to deceive others. The boy who thinks that he cheats his master by repeating his old lesson instead of learning a new one, or by getting another boy to do his task for him, is cheating himself much more than his master; and this he will find on some future day.

He who cheats another out of a trifle is not aware that he is cheating himself out of a thing of great importance, and that is, the consciousness of his own integrity. Why, this is a jewel in a man's bosom that all the roguery in the world can never obtain: so that the man who acts dishonestly is deceiving himself.

Jonathan Wild, even from his earliest years, was so clever in deceiving others, that he was more than a match for those with whom he associated. He continued to deceive all through his life: but, alas! no one was half so much deceived as himself; for he cheated himself out of all the comforts that an honest man enjoys, and endured the evils that a dishonest man has to suffer;—a prison and a gallows were his reward.

Lay it down, my boys, as a standing rule, that to do an evil deed, however advantageous it may appear, is to deceive yourselves.

There are but very few schoolboys who do not remember the lines—

> " When house and land are gone and spent,"
> Then learning is most excellent:"

but forget not, that the excellency of learning consists in the good use to which it is applied: if you judge otherwise you deceive yourselves.

Be not deceived in thinking that money can make you happy, though this is one of the most common errors prevailing in the world. No, no: money is an admirable thing in good hands, and enables many to do much good: but, though your paths were paved with bright guineas, you might still be as unhappy as misery could make you.

Deceive not yourselves in depending on reputation: inestimable as it is, it hangs on the frail thread of human opinion; and the breath of calumny may blow it away for ever.

Esteem and honour your friends; but run not into the error of depending upon them: rather think how you can serve them, than how you can be served by them.

Do not deceive yourselves in believing, that should you deprive yourselves by folly, or be deprived by misfortunes, of your possesions, the many you now call your friends would cling around you: if you think this, you are sadly deceived indeed. No, no: though a few might be found at your side, the many would know you no more.

A ship was stemming the ocean tide,
And O how gallantly did she ride!
A storm came on; it was sad to see:
And she rolled a wreck on the fathomless sea.

Her mariners left her one by one
In that season of peril almost alone;
But a few there were who endur'd the blast,
And succour'd her in her distress to the last.

She righted again, and she braved the tide:
And, O how gallantly did she ride!
It was strange to see, while she stemm'd the main,
How her mariners all came back again!

While ocean winds her canvass swell,
That ship of the terrible storm shall tell;
And her log-book the name of the crew shall bear,
Who abandon'd her not in her hour of despair.

I hope, my boys, that I am not deceiving myself, in thinking that you will remember what I say to you. What! shall Uncle Newbury give you all his maxims in vain? Never, never let it be said that you neglected the admonitions of an old man who was warmly interested in your welfare. Remember that I am not a crusty crabstick of an old fellow, that would fright away mirth and pleasure; but, on the contrary, one who delights to see youth, and innocence, and happiness go hand in hand through the world.

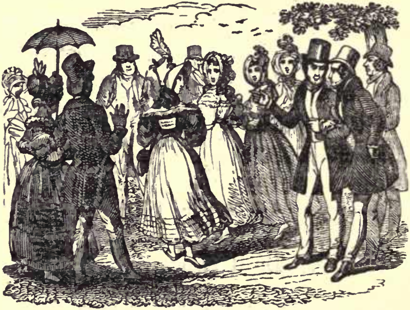
But now, my boys, comes my most important charge on the maxim—"Do not deceive yourself." You may deceive yourselves, and all around you, a thousand and a thousand times in worldly affairs, and yet find opportunities to atone for your errors: but, my dear boys, do not deceive yourselves in reference to eternity. Eternity! words are not yet formed that can fully explain all that it involves: but enough that it contains never-ending joy, and never-ending woe. My maxims, it is true, are moral maxims:

but it would be immorality in an old man, who has been taught by bitter experience the instability of all things here below, to omit the opportunity of directing your youthful minds to things that shall abide forever. Take then, in one word, the conviction that past events have impressed on the mind of Uncle Newbury. Could you, through the longest life, enjoy the wealth, the honours, and the pleasures of the world, all of them put together would be as nothing, in the latter end of your days, compared with the well-grounded hope of eternal life through the merits of our blessed Redeemer. Most earnestly, and most affectionately, does he press this on your consideration.

To sum up all, my boys, I say to each of you, *Never be down-hearted*, though troubles should spring up like mushrooms round about you. *Be tidy* in all things; and the practice will give you a thousand advantages. *Do it well*, whatever you are engaged in. *Be in time*, on all occasions: and put the question *Is it honest?* in every undertaking. *Make a good use of it*, whether it be money, or time, or talents, that you have at your command. *Think* seriously, that you may know how to act wisely. *Be steady* in every storm. *Envy not another* in aught he may possess. Adopt no remedy under vexation, without the inquiry—*Will it mend the matter? Set about it directly*, if there be aught that is good in thy heart to perform. And *Do not deceive yourself* in any matter; and especially not in eternal things.

Once more, be cheerful, be innocent, be useful, and be happy: and take with you an old man's blessing. Be it yours, my boys,

To mingle wisdom with your mirth
While you are pilgrims here on earth;
  And, should old age be given,
In love, in gratitude, and praise,
To spend the remnant of your days,
  And wing your way to heaven.



The Belleville School.

THE BELLEVILLE SCHOOL;

OR,

BEWARE OF PRIDE.

BELLEVILLE school was delightfully situated, and when the morning sun shone on the grove of chestnut trees, gilded the church spire, and was reflected from the winding brook, a more lovely scene was not to be gazed on.

Many a lighthearted girl received there that instruction which made her the ornament of her domestic circle, and added to the happiness of her future days. There the ignorant were informed, the timid encouraged, the bold reproved, the vicious punished, and the virtuous rewarded.

What has a young person to do with pride? Pride may make all around it uncomfortable, and excite a great deal of angry feeling, but it can never render its possessor happy. Many a pretty face has been spoilt, for a short time, by being rubbed over with blackberries, but a little clean water has made the face as beautiful as before. This is not the case when a countenance is disfigured with pride, for neither cold nor hot water will penetrate more than skin deep, whereas pride is rooted in the very heart.

Of all the young people at Belleville school, Arabella Clarke had the most pride. She was indeed unbearable. No one could discover half the beauty or half the cleverness which she saw in herself, though none of her companions could deny that she had a fair face and a tolerable understanding.

Arabella Clarke was sixteen years of age, and had nearly finished her education; every hour of the day she gave herself airs, nor was there a young person near her, whom she had not displeased, at one time or other by her insufferable pride. It was a common saying, "You are as proud as Arabella Clarke;" and no circumstance gave the school girls half so much pleasure, as an opportunity of mortifying their vain companion.

Now it happened that a grand spectacle was to be seen in the park, and every one expected that the place would be thronged with fashionable people. A few of the elder girls of Belleville school were permitted to attend, and as the park was at some distance, a coach was ordered for the occasion. Arabella was foolishly determined to outdo her comrades, and for this purpose she borrowed of a friend a very handsome feather.

With this feather stuck in her hat, she walked about among her companions, giving herself more airs than before, and ridiculing the less showy bonnets of those around her. Pride ought always to be mortified, and it generally is. Two of Arabella's schoolfellows made up their minds to punish her for her ill behaviour, and, before the coach drove up to the school, they contrived to pin on the back of her pelisse a paper with the following inscription:

"Miss Wiggens lent her the feather."

Little suspecting the trick which had been played her, Arabella skipped into the coach, and in a short time alighted at the park, which was thronged with company. Scarcely had she proceeded a dozen yards, looking about her with an air of self-satisfaction, before she heard a titter, while some one whispered loud enough for those around to hear, "Miss Wiggens lent her the feather." Arabella, believing that one of her companions was the whisperer, turned round with a frown, and saw the whole party laughing. "I wonder who Miss Wiggens is?" asked one of them provokingly. "I cannot tell that," replied another, "but you see Miss Wiggens lent her the feather."

Mortified at these remarks, Arabella hurried on to get away from the ill mannerly people around her; but wherever she went, a laugh reached her ear, and the provoking observation, "Miss Wiggens lent her the feather."

The higher you shoot an arrow into the air, the deeper will it sink into the ground when it falls, and in like manner the prouder a spirit is, the deeper shame and humiliation it has to endure when humbled. Arabella Clarke was stung to the quick. "Look, look," cried a young man fashionably dressed, "what do you think of that, Tom? Miss Wiggens lent her the feather." "I wish Miss Wiggens would lend me one," replied his companion, "but what necessity is there for the whole world to be told of it?" "A well dressed young woman," said a fat gentleman as he passed her. "True, my love," replied his wife, who turned back to look at her; "but Miss Wiggens lent her the feather."

In pushing among the crowd, to get out of the park, the paper fell from Arabella's pelisse, but not before fifty persons, at least, had repeated in as many different tones, "Miss Wiggins lent her the feather."

Arabella with a flushed face, a heavy heart, and a wounded spirit, reached the school, without ever suspecting the cause of her mortification.

The stratagem had succeeded so well, that the two girls who had contrived it, determined to resort to it again, if Arabella did not conduct herself in a more affable and humble manner.

Bad habits are not easily overcome, and in a short period Arabella became as unbearable as she was before.

About this time Arabella, and the two schoolfellows, who had played her the trick in the park, set off to a little village at no great distance.

The pride of Arabella had led her, on this occasion, to put on a pair of pink silk stockings, that she might be smarter than her companions.

Now these silk stockings had a large hole in one of the toes, which she had neglected to mend. Her schoolfellows being aware of this circumstance, laid their plan accordingly; and when they arrived at the entrance of the village, under pretence of arranging Arabella's shawl, they pinned a paper to it written as follows:

"She has a hole in the toe of her stocking."

There happened to be a merry making in the village, so that a throng was gathered together. Two or three rude lads who had observed the paper came up to read it, and one of them cried out, "She has a hole in the toe of her stocking." This was immediately repeated by the rest, and half a dozen young ragamuffins hooted out at once, "She has a hole in her stocking."

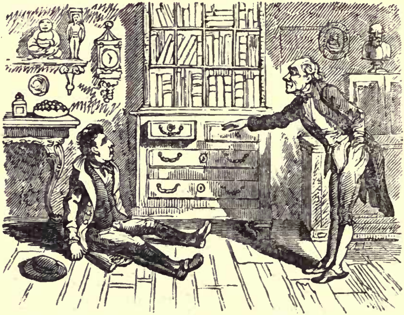
Poor Arabella reddened up to her very ears, for she was too conscious of the fact, not to apply what the boys said to herself. By turning however into a shop she escaped from her tormentors. Her two companions made some excuse to leave her by herself. When she came once more into the street a butcher cried out to another on the other side of the way, "Bill, lad, she has a hole in the toe of her stocking."

Arabella hastened on extremely mortified, and yet wondering how it was possible for any one to see that the toe of her stocking was out of repair.

As she crossed the market place, the jeering of the country fellows, the laughing of the women, and the hallooing of the lads were intolerable. "What a pity it is," said one, "that such fine stockings should have a hole in the toe!" "What is the matter?" cried another. "O nothing at all," said a third, "she has only got a hole in the toe of her stocking." The uproar increased, and Arabella was half dead with vexation and fright; when she joined her companions, humbled to the very dust, she caught hold of them to support her, and burst into tears. The paper, unseen by her, was unpinned from her shawl, and thankful was Arabella Clarke to escape from the mortification she had endured.

An obstinate malady requires strong medicine, and nothing but such complete humiliations as she had endured, would have corrected the insufferable pride of Arabella Clarke.

In course of time the whole school became acquainted with the tricks which had been played Arabella, and the extreme mortification they had drawn upon her. Their proud schoolfellow became more humble, affable, and amiable; for whenever she manifested the accustomed pride and haughtiness of her disposition, she was immediately rebuked by an allusion to the past. "Though her hat did look smart in the park," one would say, "*Miss Wiggins lent her the feather.*" "And if she does toss up her head," another would reply, "yet, for aught I know, *she has a hole in the toe of her stocking.*"



Elm-tree Hall.

ELM TREE HALL.

I love to tell a cheerful tale
In happy-hearted mood;
Come, read it with a willing mind,
For it may do thee good!

About twenty years ago there lived a singular gentleman in the old Hall among the Elm Trees. He was about three score years of age, very rich, and somewhat odd in many of his habits, but for generosity and benevolence he had no equal.

His dress was as old fashioned as his habits. He wore a cocked hat, richly embroidered, a waistcoat reaching nearly to his knees, and his shoes came up almost to his ancles. No poor cottager stood in need of comforts which he was not ready to supply, no sick man or woman languished for want of his assistance, and not even a beggar, unless a known impostor, went empty handed from the Hall.

> The sick he sooth'd, the hungry fed,
>   Bade care and sorrow fly,
> And loved to raise the downcast head
>   Of friendless poverty.

Now it happened that the old gentleman wanted a boy to wait upon him at table, and to attend to him in different ways, for he was very fond of young people. But much as he liked the society of the young, he had a great aversion to that curiosity in which many young people are apt to indulge. He used to say, "The boys who will peep into a drawer will be tempted to take something out of it, and he who will steal a penny in his youth will steal a pound in his manhood."

This disposition to repress evil, as well as to encourage good conduct, formed a part of his character, for though of a cheerful temper, and not given to severity, he never would pass over a fault till it was acknowledged and repented of.

No sooner was it known that the old gentleman was in want of a servant, than twenty applications were made for the situation; but had there been forty, no one would have been engaged until he had undergone a trial, for a boy with a curious, prying disposition the old gentleman would not engage. It was on a Monday morning that seven lads, drest in their Sunday clothes, with faces as bright as cherry-cheeked apples, made their appearance at the Hall, each of them desirous to obtain the situation they applied for. Now the old gentleman, being of a singular disposition, had prepared a room in such a way that, if any of the young people who applied to be his servant were given to meddle unnecessarily with things around them, or to peep into cupboards and drawers, he might be aware of it, and he took care that the lads, who were then at Elm Tree Hall, should be shown into this room one after another.

And first Joe Turner was sent into the room, and told that he would have to wait a little; so Joe sat down on a chair near the door. For some time he was very quiet, and looked about him, but there seemed to be so many curious things in the room that, at last, he got up to peep at them.

On the table was placed a dish cover, and Joe wanted sadly to know what was under it, but he felt afraid of lifting it up. Bad habits are strong things, and as Joe was of a curious disposition he could not withstand the temptation of taking one peep; so he lifted up the cover.

This turned out to be a sad affair; for under the dish cover was a heap of very light feathers; part of the feathers, drawn up by the current of air, flew about the room, and Joe in his fright, putting down the cover hastily puffed the rest of them off the table.

What was to be done? Joe began to pick up the feathers, one by one; but the old gentleman, who was in an adjoining room, hearing a scuffle, and guessing the cause of it, entered the room to the consternation of Joe Turner, who was very soon dismissed as a lad not at all likely to suit the situation.

When the room was once more arranged, Tom Hawker was placed there until such time as he should be sent for; no sooner was he left to himself, than his attention was attracted by a plate of fine ripe cherries; now Tom was uncommonly fond of cherries, and he thought that it would be impossible to miss one cherry among so many. He looked and longed, and longed and looked for some time, and just as he had got off his seat to take one, he heard, as he thought, a foot coming to the door; but no, it was a false alarm. Taking fresh courage, he went cautiously and took a very fine cherry, for he was determined to take but one, and put it in his mouth. It was excellent, and then he persuaded himself that he ran no great risk in taking another; this he did, and hastily popped it in his mouth.

Now the old gentleman had placed a few artificial cherries at the top of the others filled with cayenne pepper, one of these Tom had unfortunately taken, and no sooner did he put it in his mouth than he began to sputter in such an outrageous manner, that the old gentleman knew very well what was the matter. Tom Hawker was sent about his business without delay, with his mouth almost as hot as if he had put a burning coal in it.

Bill Parkes was next introduced into the room, and left to himself, but he had not been there two minutes, before he began to move from one place to another. He was of a bold, resolute temper, but not overburdened with principle; for if he could have opened every cupboard, closet, and drawer in the house, without being found out, he would have done it directly. Having looked round the room, he noticed a drawer to the table, and made up his mind to peep therein, but no sooner did he lay hold of the drawer knob than he sat a large bell ringing which was concealed under the table. The old gentleman immediately answered the summons, and entered the room. Bill Parkes was so startled by the sudden ringing of the bell, that all his impudence could not support him: he looked as though any one might knock him down with a feather. The old gentleman asked him if he had rung the bell because he wanted any thing? Bill stuttered and stammered, but all to no purpose, for it did not prevent his being ordered off the premises.

Sam Tonks was then shown into the room, by an old servant, and, being of a cautious disposition touched nothing, but only looked at the things about him. At last he saw that a closet door was a little open, and thinking it would be impossible for any one to know that he had opened it a little more, he very cautiously opened it an inch further, looking down at the bottom of the door that it might not catch against any thing and make a noise. Now had he looked at the top, instead of the bottom, it might have been better for him, for to the top of the door was fastened a plug which filled up the hole of a small barrel of shot. Sam ventured to open the door another inch, and then another, till the plug being pulled out of the barrel, the leaden shot began to pour out at a strange rate; at the bottom of the closet was placed a tin pan, and the shot falling upon this pan made such a clatter that Sam Tonks was half frightened out of his senses.

The old gentleman soon came into the room to inquire what was the matter, and there he found Sam Tonks nearly as pale as a sheet. Sam had opened one door, the old gentleman soon opened another, bidding him walk out of it, and never again to show his face at Elm Tree Hall.

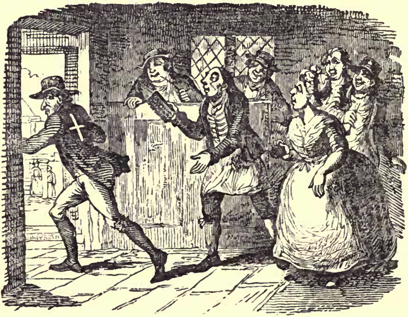
It now came to the turn of Ned Roberts to be put into the room, and as it was in a distant part of the house, he knew nothing of what had happened to the other lads.

On the table stood a small round box with a screw top to it, and Ned, thinking that it contained something curious, could not be easy without unscrewing the top, but no sooner did he do this, than out bounced an artificial snake, full a yard long, and fell upon his arm. Ned started back and uttered a scream, which brought the old gentleman to his elbow. There stood Ned with the bottom of the box in one hand, the top in the other, and the snake on the ground. "Come, come," said the old gentleman, handing him out of the room, "one snake is quite enough to have in the house at a time, therefore the sooner you are gone the better;" with that he dismissed him, without waiting a moment for his reply.

Harry Ball next entered the room, and, being left alone, soon began to amuse himself in looking at the curiosities around him. Ball was not only curious and prying, but downright dishonest, and observing that the key was left in the drawer of a bookcase he stepped on tiptoe in that direction, but the moment he touched the key he fell flat on the floor. The key had a wire fastened to it which communicated with an electrifying machine, and Harry received such a shock as he was not likely to forget. No sooner did he sufficiently recover himself to walk, than he was told to walk off the premises, and leave other people to lock and unlock their own drawers.

The last boy was John Grove, and though he was left in the room full twenty minutes, he never during that time stirred from his chair. John had eyes in his head as well as the rest of them, but he had more integrity in his heart, neither the dish cover, the cherries, the drawer knob, the closet door, the round box, nor the key, tempted him to rise from his seat, and the consequence was, that, in half an hour after, he was engaged in the service of the old gentleman at Elm Tree Hall.

John Grove followed his good old master to his grave, and received a legacy of fifty pounds for his upright conduct in his service. Read this, ye busy, meddling, peeping, pilfering young people, and imitate the example of John Grove.



The heavy cross.

THE HEAVY CROSS.

Though heavy the burden on thy back;
Though hilly and rough the road;
A cheerful eye, and a hopeful heart,
Will bid a thousand cares depart,
And lighten every load.

Robert Hodgkins had lived in the village, next door to Samuel Hullins, at least a dozen years, and no doubt the two neighbours would have been on good terms together; but, unluckily for the peace of Robert Hodgkins, Samuel Hullins had a pension on account of a bad wound which he received when fighting as a seaman under Admiral Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. Every week when Hodgkins went to pay his rent up at the tanhouse, he muttered and grumbled all the way there and back, because his neighbour could afford to pay his rent so much better than himself. An envious, discontented spirit is one of the worst qualities a man can foster in his bosom; it makes him miserable at home and abroad; it sours his sweetest enjoyments; and plants stinging nettles in all his paths.

For a time Hodgkins growled and grumbled to himself, but afterwards his discontent grew louder, till, at last, it became his favorite topic to lament his own ill luck, and to rail against those whose money came in whether they would or not, and who had nothing else to do but to sit in an easy chair from morning till night, while he worked his heart out to get enough to support his family.

It was on a Monday morning that Hodgkins, who was sadly behind in his rent, walked up to the tanhouse, to Mr. Starkey's, to make some excuse for not paying what was due, when he met his neighbour Hullins, who was as regular as clockwork in his weekly payments. The very sight of Hullins was as bad as physic to Hodgkins, who, as he nodded his head in reply to Hullins's salutation, looked, as surly as a bull about to run at a pointer dog.

Hodgkins entered the tanhouse, and was soon reproved for not paying his rent, by his landlord Mr. Starkey, who told him that his next door neighbour, Samuel Hullins, regularly paid up every farthing. "Yes, yes," replied Hodgkins, "some folks are born with silver spoons in their mouths; Hullins is a lucky fellow, no wonder that he can pay his rent with such a pension as he has got."

"Hullins has a pension, it is true," said Mr. Starkey, "but he carries a pretty heavy cross for it. If you had lost your leg as he has done, perhaps you would fret more than you now do, notwithstanding you might in that case have a pension."

"Not I," replied Hodgkins: "If I had been lucky enough to lose a leg twenty years ago, it would have been a good day's work for me, if I could have got as much by it as Hullins has contrived to get. You call his a heavy cross, but I fancy that his pension makes it light enough to him; the heaviest cross that I know of is being obliged to work like a negro to pay my rent."

Now Mr. Starkey was a shrewd man, and possessed a great deal of humour, and, well knowing Hodgkins's disposition to repine, he felt disposed to convince him, if possible, that the lightest cross soon becomes heavy to a discontented spirit.

"I tell you what, Hodgkins," said he, "I am afraid that you are hardly disposed to make the best of things; however, as you think that your neighbour Hullins's cross is so very light, if you will undertake to carry one much lighter, you shall live rent free as long as you abide by the bargain."

"But what sort of a cross is it that you mean to put upon my shoulders?" inquired Hodgkins, fearing it might be something to which he could not agree. "Why," replied Mr. Starkey, fetching a large lump of chalk and making a broad cross on Hodgkins's back, "that is the cross, and so long as you like to wear it I will not ask you for a farthing of your rent."

Hodgkins at first thought that his landlord was only joking, but being assured that he was quite serious, he told Mr. Starkey that he must look for no more rent from him, for that he was willing to wear such a cross as that all the days of his life.

Away went Hodgkins chuckling within himself at his good luck, and thinking what a fool of a landlord he had got to let him off so easily from paying his rent. Never was he in a better humour than when he entered his cottage. Every thing seemed to go on right, he laughed, and joked, and seemed in such high spirits, that his wife, who well knew that he had been up to the tanhouse on a gloomy errand, could not at all account for it.

Hodgkins having seated himself with his back to the cupboard, his wife had not seen the cross on his coat, but no sooner did he turn round to pull up the weights of the cuckoo clock, than she cried out, with a shrill voice: "Why, Hodgkins, where have you been? There is a cross on your back a foot long; you have been to the public, and some of your drunken companions have played you this trick to make you look like a simpleton, as you are; come stand still, and let me rub it off, or every fool in the village will be laughing at you." "Let it alone," said Hodgkins, turning quickly round, "I won't have it rubbed off. Go on mending your stockings, and let my coat alone." "But I won't let it alone," replied his wife: "do you think my husband shall play the fool in that manner? No, that he shan't; I'll have every bit of it off before you stir out of the house."

Hodgkins knew very well that his wife was not easily turned when she had once set her mind upon a thing, so striding across the cottage he hastily made his escape, banging the door after him with all his might. "An ill-tempered vixen!" muttered he to himself, I would have told her of my good luck had she been quiet, but now she shall know nothing about it."

"Halloo, Robert," cried old Fallows, the bricklayer, as Hodgkins turned round the corner, "who has been playing you that trick? why your back is scored all across. Come here and I will give you a dusting." "Mind your own back, and let mine alone," said Hodgkins surlily, making the best of his way forwards.

"Mr. Hodgkins," cried little Patty Stevens, the huckster's daughter, running after him, "if you please there has somebody been making a long score all down your coat; mother will rub it off for you if you will come back." "You and your mother had better mind your red herrings and molasses," replied Hodgkins, sharply, leaving the little girl wondering why he did not stop to have his coat brushed. No one else noticed the cross on Hodgkins's back till he got near the blacksmith's shop, where the butcher and the blacksmith were talking, the butcher cutting a piece of elder, to make skewers; and the blacksmith, with his arms across, leaning on the half door of his shop. "You are just the very man I wanted to see," said the butcher, stopping Hodgkins; but, before he had spoken a dozen words to him, old Peggy Turton came up in her red cloak and check apron. "My stars!" cried old Peggy, gathering up her apron in her hand "why, Mr. Hodgkins, your back is quite a fright; but stand still a moment, and I'll soon have it off." When Hodgkins turned round to tell old Peggy to be quiet, the blacksmith roared out to the butcher to "twig Hodgkins's back." "He looks like a walking finger-post," cried the butcher. "Ay, ay," said the blacksmith, "I warrant ye his wife has done that for him, for spending his wages at the Malt Shovel." There was no other method of escaping the check apron of Peggy

Turton, and the laughing and jeering of the butcher and blacksmith, than that of getting off the ground as soon as he could; so calling poor Peggy a meddling old hussy, and the other two a brace of grinning fools, he turned the first corner he came to, feeling the cross on his back a great deal heavier than he had expected to find it.

Poor Hodgkins seemed to meet with nothing but ill luck, for just before he got to the school all the scholars ran boisterously into the road, ripe and ready for any kind of fun that could be found. Hodgkins was illtempered enough before, but when he saw all the boys hallooing and spreading themselves along the road, he was in a terrible taking, expecting every moment to hear a shout from them on account of the cross on his back. This took place directly after, and fifty young rogues, full of frolic and fun, waving their caps, and following Hodgkins, shouted out as loudly as they could bawl, "Look at his back!

look at his back!" Hodgkins was in a fury, and would perhaps have done some mischief to his young tormentors had it not been for the sudden appearance of Mr. Johnson, the schoolmaster, who at that moment came out of the schoolroom. The boys gave over their hallooing, for Hodgkins directly told Mr. Johnson that they were "an impudent set of young jackanapes, and everlastingly in mischief." Mr. Johnson, who had heard the uproar among the boys, and caught a glimpse of Hodgkins's back, replied mildly that he would never encourage any thing like impudence in his scholars, but that perhaps Hodgkins was not aware of the cause of their mirth; he assured him that he had so large a chalk mark on his back, that it was enough to provoke the merriment of older people than his boys, and advised him by all means, if he wished to avoid being laughed at, to get rid of it as soon as possible. Hodgkins said peevishly that his back was "nothing to nobody," and muttering to himself, walked on, feeling his cross to be heavier than ever.

The reflections which passed through Hodgkins's mind were not of the most agreeable description. It was, to be sure, a rare thing to live rent free; but if every man, woman, and child in the village were to be everlastingly tormenting him, there would be no peace from morning till night. Then again, even if his neighbours got used to the cross on his back, and said nothing about it, he knew that his wife would never let him rest. On the whole, the more he considered about it, the more was he disposed to think that the bargain was not quite so good a one, as he, at first, had taken it to be.

As Hodgkins went on towards the Malt Shovel, he saw, at a distance, his landlord, Mr. Starkey, and directly after, to his great consternation, his neighbour, Samuel Hullins, came stumping along with his wooden leg, in company with Harry Stokes the carpenter. Now Harry

Stokes was quite the village wit; and Hodgkins dreaded nothing more than to be laughed at by him, in presence of Samuel Hullins. His first thought was to pull off his coat, but then, what would Mr. Starkey say to that? Not knowing what else to do, he took refuge in the Malt Shovel, but soon found the house too hot to hold him; for when those who were drinking there began to laugh at the cross on his back, both the landlord and landlady declared, that no customer of theirs should be made a laughing-stock in their house, while they had the power to hinder it. The landlord got the clothes-brush, and the landlady a wet sponge, and Hodgkins was obliged to make a hasty retreat, to secure his coat from the sponge and the clothes-brush of his persevering friends.

When Hodgkins left home he intended to go to a neighbouring village, about some work which he had to do, but his temper had been so ruffled by old Fallows, Patty Stevens, the blacksmith, the butcher, and Peggy Turton, as well as by Mr. Johnson and his scholars, the company at the Malt Shovel, and the landlord and landlady, that he determined to get home as soon as he could, thinking it better to be railed at by his wife, than be laughed at by the whole village.

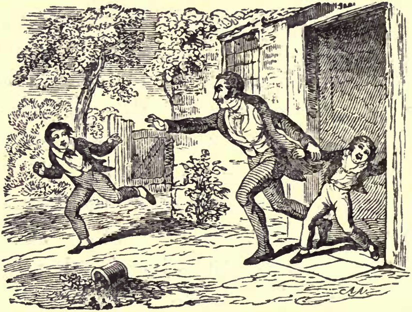
If you have ever seen, on the first of September, a poor wounded partridge, the last of the covey, flying about from place to place, while every sportsman he came near had a shot at him, you may form some notion of the situation of poor Hodgkins as he went back to his cottage; sometimes walking fast that he might not be overtaken, sometimes moving slowly that he might not overtake others. Now in the lane, then in the field; skulking along as though he had been robbing a henroost, and was afraid to show his face. The cross by this time had become almost intolerable.

No sooner did he enter his cottage door, than his wife began: "And so you are come back again, are you, to play the tomfool! Here have been half-a-dozen of your neighbours calling to know if you are not gone out of your mind. If ever there was a madman, you are one; but I'll put that coat in a pail of water, or behind the fire, before I will have such antics played by a husband of mine; come pull off your coat! I say, pull off your coat!"

Had Hodgkins's wife soothed him, he might have been more reasonable, but, as it was, her words were like gunpowder thrown into the fire. A violent quarrel took place, words were followed by blows, crashing, and smashing resounded in the dwelling of Robert Hodgkins.

The fiercer a fire burns, the sooner will it consume the fuel which supports it; and passionate people, in like manner, exhaust their strength by the violence of their anger. When Hodgkins found that there was no prospect of peace night nor day, at home nor abroad, so long as he continued to wear his cross, he of his own accord rubbed it from his back.

The next Monday, Hodgkins went up to the tanhouse betimes, with a week's rent in his hand. "Ah, Robert," said Mr. Starkey, shaking his head, "I thought you would soon repent of your bargain. It is a good thing to encourage a contented disposition, and not to envy others, nor unnecessarily to repine at the troubles which God has been pleased to lay upon us. Let this little affair be a lesson to us both, for depend upon it, we never commit a greater mistake than when we imagine the trials of others to be light, and our own crosses to be heavier than those of our neighbours."



The hard task.

THE HARD TASK.

I love to go back to the days of my youth,
And to reckon my joys to the letter,
And to count o'er the friends that I have in the world;
Ay, and those who are gone to a better.

Of all the men, I have ever yet known in the world, my uncle united the greatest degree of cheerfulness with the sobriety of manhood. Though a man, when I was a boy, yet was he one of the most agreeable companions I ever possessed. He knew how to be merry and wise; and when with him, I always felt in the company of a playmate, a protector, a counsellor, and a friend. He had seen much of mankind, and could play his part as a man among men, though he condescended to act as a boy among boys. I loved my uncle, and I know that he loved me, and some of my happiest hours were spent in his society. Many a joke have we enjoyed, many a pleasant ramble have we shared together, but our jokes and our rambles will no more be repeated.

He embarked for America, and nearly twenty years passed by, before he came back again. I was the first to meet him on his return, but O, how altered did he appear! The cheerfulness of his youthful spirit, and the strength of his manhood were gone; he was in every sense of the word an old man: his body and his mind were enfeebled, and second childishness had come upon him. How often have I bent over him, vainly endeavouring to recal to his memory, the scenes we had shared together! and how frequently, with an aching heart, have I gazed on his vacant and lustreless eye, while he has amused himself in clapping his hands, or in singing, with a quivering voice, a verse of a psalm! But he is dead; my hand closed his eyes, while his daughter and his granddaughters knelt around him; and I gazed on his coffin, when placed in the noiseless vault.

It was not my intention to be melancholy, but we cannot think of those whom we once loved, and who are now removed from us, without regret. I have shed a tear, my heart is relieved, and now I can be cheerful.

In one of these pleasant and playful seasons, when my uncle shared the pastimes of my brother and myself, he undertook to bind us hand and foot together. This was soon undertaken, but not soon accomplished, for my brother and I were lively as larks, wild as March hares, and as fully determined not to be bound, as he was to bind us. Away we scampered with my uncle at our heels; we led him such a dance, in the house and out of the house, up stairs and down, from the attic to the cellar, that he soon heartily repented of the task he had undertaken. At last he caught me, but this only increased his difficulties, having to drag me after my brother, who ran off like a lapwing. You may be sure that I gave him all the trouble I could, sometimes holding by the doors, as he pulled me through them, and sometimes clinging round his legs, to prevent him from moving. My uncle was, however, determined to do what he had undertaken, and though he found me very troublesome, at last he succeeded in catching hold of my brother. Victory now seemed to be on the side of my uncle, but my brother struggled so bravely, that one hand was not enough to master him, and the moment my uncle loosed me, I set off at full speed, leaving him no other advantage than that of having exchanged his captive. How I did laugh, at a distance, to see my poor uncle take out his pocket handkerchief and wipe his brows!

The struggle and the chase began afresh; the chairs were overturned, the tables pulled out of their places, the doors opened and banged back again, the boxes dragged about, but still I remained at liberty, uncaught and unconquered. My heart beat rapidly, my legs ached with exertion, I panted for breath, and my cheeks were red as a cherry.

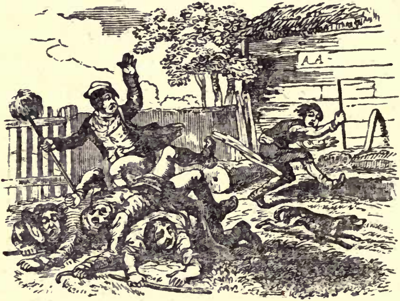
Now it happened that there was a flight of steps leading out of one of the cellars into the yard, so that I could run down one pair of stairs into the cellar, and up another into the yard, thus was I enabled, repeatedly, to make my escape.

> **In vain was every changing plan,**
> **To check my course and bind me;**
> **I ran and laughed, and laughed and ran,**
> **With my uncle far behind me.**

But though I had the advantage in speed, my uncle had it in prudence, and a prudent head is at any time of day, worth half-a-dozen pair of light heels. Unknown to me, he had bolted the door fast, at the top of the cellar steps, and soon after he chased me to the other entrance. Not doubting that I could escape as usual, I darted down the steps, with my uncle at my heels, pulling my brother along with him; but when I had ascended on the opposite side, to my dismay the door was fast, and before I could descend, my uncle was at the foot of the stairs. There was then no hope of escape, and in a few minutes my brother and I, tied together hand and foot, were dragged up the steps into the yard bathed in perspiration, and as hot as if we had been baked in an oven.

My uncle was as much exhausted as we were, and declared, that of all the tasks he had ever taken on himself, this had been the most difficult. "I cannot tell," said he, "what I may yet be called on to perform, but I will never, in sober senses, undertake again to bind together two such rude rebels as you are, so long as I live."

Often since then, when engaged in enterprises beyond my strength, have I called to mind the determination of my uncle.



The Mad Dog.

THE MAD DOG.

Wouldst thou inflict no needless pain,
And do thy fellow man no wrong,
With prudent, kindly care, restrain
The poison of a slanderous tongue.

The sun was blazing in the sky, the cattle were hanging their heads beneath the shade of the oak trees, the horses were shaking their ears and swinging their long tails from side to side to keep off the flies, myriads of gnats were rising and falling in their sport at the corner of the thatched hovel, and the pool by the old yew tree was almost dry. It was indeed one of the hottest summers that had been known in the memory of man.

The sow lay deep in a miry bed,
The sheep lay panting on the ground,
And man and bird and beast had fled
From the burning heat that reign'd around.

Wellings the wheelwright, and Sherrad the shoemaker, were sitting in the shade at the door of the Malt Shovel, with a pot of porter before them; and old Norbury the blacksmith was hastily hammering away at his anvil, that he might finish the job in which he was engaged and join his neighbours at the door of the Malt Shovel.

Jenny Stephens was sitting on the step at her door knitting a white worsted stocking, and now and then looking on her chubby-cheeked little girl, rolling on the grass; and the magpie, in the wicker cage, was hopping down from his perch and up again; when a noise was heard at the other end of the village. The hubbub increased, and half a dozen people were seen running towards the Malt Shovel armed with different weapons. As they came nearer, their voices were distinctly heard crying out, "A mad dog! a mad dog!" Jenny Stephens threw down her knitting, and snatched up her child. Wellings and Sherrad seized hold of a mop and a broom which stood near the brewhouse; and old Norbury ran out of his smithy, in his leathern apron, with a red hot iron in his hand.

A dog was now seen running with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, a dozen lads, too, who had been distanced in the chase now came in sight, bawling, and squalling, and following the men and the dog. The whole village was in a riot, but as soon as the dog was seen running foaming at his mouth, every one tried to get out of his way. Old Nanny Flemming the washerwoman, with her fat sides waddled screaming into the house of her next neighbour. Tippin the tailor's apprentice, who was sitting on the shopboard with the window open, leaped up as suddenly as if he had been shot; and Mary Stokes at the huckster's, as she poured out some molasses into a basin, let fall the molasses can, broke the basin, and fled into the brewhouse, half frightened out of her senses; while men women, and children joined in the cry, "A mad dog! a mad dog!"

Just as the dog came up, Sam Broughton, the butcher, had reached a leg of mutton from a hook at his shop door. Kitty Lullins was standing with a pail of water on her head; and the churchwarden came up trotting along on his brown pony. No sooner did the cry of mad dog reach them, than Sam dropped the leg of mutton on the ground. Kitty Mullins overturned her pail of water, and the churchwarden clapping his heels to the sides of his brown pony set off on a gallop up the green lane.

And now away went the dog with twenty people at his heels. Wellins with a mop, Sherrad with a broom, and old Norbury, with the iron he had been welding in his hand, joined in the chase. The tailor's apprentice seized hold of his master's yard, and Sam Broughton snatched up the cleaver to hasten after the motely throng, while the cry rose higher than before, "A mad dog! a mad dog!"

Never sure was such a confusion known. The dog followed the churchwarden, and the throng followed the dog, running, panting, and shouting loud enough to raise the whole parish; wherever they went, the hubbub increased, women were bawling, children squalling, men shouting, and dogs barking.

When the dog had got to the old yew tree, he ran up the narrow lane leading to Benson's barn, followed hard by his pursuers; but unluckily the gate at the top was shut, and the bars were too close for the dog to get through, so he turned suddenly back again and put his tormentors to the rout. Old Norbury was behind, but, in turning round, his long leathern apron got between his legs and threw him down, Broughton tumbled over him, Wellins and Sherrad fell over the butcher, and the tailor's apprentice leaped into the old sawpit by the side of the lane.

For a moment all was consternation and dismay, but no sooner did they find themselves unbitten by the dog than the wheelwright and the shoemaker rose from the ground, the butcher picked up his cleaver, the blacksmith his bar of iron, and the tailor's apprentice crept out of the sawpit.

And now again the dog was seen running with as many people after him as before, panting, puffing, and shouting as loud as they could bawl, "A mad dog! a mad dog!

And clamour and confusion rung
The peaceful lanes and fields among.

The dog passed near the school on the hill, and the boys, being at play, sallied forth, in a band, to join the chase. Farmer Brown was talking to some of his men when the dog crossed a field of clover near the house, the farmer ran into the house for his gun, the shepherd laid hold of a hay fork, and the cow-lad picked up a brick bat. The dog was almost exhausted, the sun was hotter than ever, the butcher with his red face was out of breath, and old Norbury the blacksmith was full fifty yards behind. The cow-lad threw his brick bat at the dog and knocked him head over heels, the farmer fired but missed him, the shepherd ran forward with his hay fork, but the dog crept through a hole in the hedge, rolled down the steep bank into Stone Quarry Lane, and slowly padded along towards Pike Pool.

None but the farmer, the shepherd, and the cow-lad were able to keep near the dog, which was at last killed by the shepherd, who knocked him on the head just as he scrambled up a sand bank.

Thus ended the hubbub and confusion, the running, the panting, the bawling, the squalling, and the clamorous cry of "A mad dog! a mad dog!" the boys returned to school, and the throng moved slowly back towards the village in triumph.

The farmer led the way with his gun in his hand, the shepherd shouldered his hay fork, the wheelwright and shoemaker carried their mop and broom, the butcher bore his cleaver, and the blacksmith his iron bar.

When they arrived at the Malt Shovel, Perrins the village schoolmaster was standing under the trees at the door talking with the exciseman. Perrins was a spare, thin man, about fifty years of age, dressed in a threadbare suit of black cloth; meekness and intelligence might be read in his face, nor was there any one in the whole village who did not respect him,

> He was a man who, upright in his ways,
> Had lived in happier times, and better days,
> And was, by all the rustics round, confest,
> Of village schoolmasters to be the best.

When the farmer and the rest of the throng sat down on the benches under the trees and began to boast of killing the dog, "My good neighbors," said Perrins, "I am afraid that you have not so much to boast of as you imagine; you have killed the dog, it is true, but the dog was no more mad than I am."

Just as he said this, old Norbury was lifting a pot of porter to his lips, for the chase after the dog, and the hot, broiling sun had sadly parched him, but he lowered the pot to reply to the schoolmaster, "Not mad, master Perrins? I reckon that if you had seen him, with the foam at his mouth, when he turned up the lane, you would be of another mind; if ever dog was mad, he was!"

Here Norbury took a hearty draught at the porter pot.

"And so say I," said the butcher, "never did a madder dog run on four legs; but we have done for him."

"There can be no doubt at all about the dog being mad," cried the farmer, "but mad or not mad, he is harmless enough now."

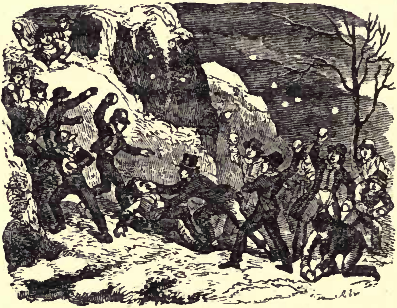
"If the dog really was mad," replied the schoolmaster, "he must have been driven mad by the mischievous prank that was played him. I have made it my business to inquire into the matter; and I find that the poor animal was lying, quietly enough, half asleep at widow Perkins' back door till some unlucky lads tied a tin kettle to his tail; then he set off, sure enough, like a mad thing, but had he been left to himself, all might have ended well; just, however, as he had got rid of the tin kettle, the cry was raised, 'A mad dog!' and then the poor thing was hunted to death."

The farmer, the shepherd, the wheelwright, the shoemaker, the butcher, and the blacksmith, looked at each other, for they believed every word that the schoolmaster had spoken, and Perrins thus went on:

"We are too apt, my good neighbours, to believe in every idle report, and to join in persecuting the miserable; I am sorry for poor widow Perkins; it is not more than three years ago that her son, as honest a lad as ever was born, got a place as footman in a gentleman's family. The gentleman was robbed, and some evil disposed person spread the report that young Perkins must be the thief. He was turned away, every body shunned him, and, driven to distraction by want and reproach, he at last became a thief in reality, and a month ago was transported. It was found out, when too late, that Perkins was innocent of robbing his master; but that did not signify, he had a bad name given him, and that occasioned his destruction, just like the poor dog that you have all hunted to death.

"Let these things be a lesson to us all that we may be more careful how we join in reports that may be spread by slander, and in cruel persecutions, that may lead to the destruction of either man or beast."

The farmer and the shepherd walked away, the wheelwright and the shoemaker took their leave, the butcher and the tailor's apprentice went off together, and old Norbury, the blacksmith, once more entered his smithy, leaving the meek and merciful schoolmaster alone with the exciseman.



The Snow-balling.

SNOWBALLING.

Come, leave awhile the cheerful fire,
And forward blithely go,
And boldly brave the wintry blast,
And the pelting hail and snow.

If I were to talk from Monday morning to Saturday night about my schoolboy-days, I should, after all, say little, compared with what might be said on such a subject.

The different seasons, as they roll, all bring pleasure to the schoolboy, who suits his pastime to the varied scene. The buoyancy of his spirit, controlled during the hours of school, bursts forth with increased ardour, when he sallies forth into the play-ground in quest of happiness. The fetters of study are broken, the prison door of the school is flung back, and the light-hearted captive, wild with joy, gives way to all the turbulent emotions of the heart. It is of little consequence to him whether the flower of Spring, or the fresh foliage of Summer adorns the earth He cares not if the fruits of Autumn abound, or the snows of Winter are abroad. Wet or dry, shine or shade, within doors or without, he is never destitute of amusement. He has a marble to shoot, a hoop to trundle, a ball to throw, and a kite to fly.

But though the schoolboy has ever some pleasant pursuit to occupy his play hours, never has he a lighter heart, nor a more cheerful spirit, than during the frosts of winter, when the ponds are frozen over, and the fields around are covered with snow.

It was early on a Winter's morning, while we were yet in bed, and before the bell had rung to call us up, that Harry Stokes, who had been down stairs a little earlier than usual, came again into our bedroom with the welcome intelligence, that the big pool would "bear all over." This news seemed at first too good to be true; when he assured us, that he had ventured on to the middle of it, without hearing one crack, we began to think all was right; but when he said that he had stamped on the ice, close to the flood gate, and found it "firm as a rock," we shouted for joy, and jumping up in bed, tried which could dress himself first to slide upon the pool.

In a little time we were as happy, ay happier, than kings, for Sanders had borrowed a broom from Hannah, the housemaid, and had swept away part of the snow. The ice was as slippery as glass, and we had a slide from one end of the pool to the other.

What a pity it seems that happiness should not last for ever! but, so it is, in the brightest day every earthly object casts a shade, and seldom, either among boys or men, is an hour of unalloyed pleasure to be enjoyed.

E'en on the bank of freshest green,
 Some ugly creeping thing is seen!
And where are fairest roses found
 Without a thousand thorns around?

In the middle of our sport, Croxall, one of the biggest boys, began, as usual, to tyrannize over us. At one time he made a hole in the slide, at another he threw snowballs at the least among us, and every now and then he tripped up the heels of those who were not quick enough to get out of his way. Most of us hated Croxall, for he gave us every reason to dislike him. To love those who oppress us, is a hard lesson to learn in youth, manhood, or old age.

As it was the day on which we had our half-day's-holiday, it was agreed that we should all go to the Rocky Meadow, and have a good game at snowballing. This is one of a schoolboy's hardiest amusements, and, when engaged in with good temper, one of his very best pastimes.

No sooner were we liberated from school, than away we scampered to the Rocky Meadow, so called, on account of three or four sharp pointed cliffs which rose in its centre to the height of about twenty feet. This meadow was a favourite place of resort in our play hours, and many a game at French and English did we there engage in, and many a storming party, of young heroes, made an attack on those who had possession of the rocks.

There were about forty of us in all, and, being equally divided, two captains were appointed. Croxall was one of these, and Crowe the other, and luckily for me I fought under the gallant Captain Crowe. A hard struggle took place to get possession of the rocks, and it was full a quarter of an hour before our noble captain, and his brave little army, were safely and victoriously posted on the cliffs. It was famous fun!

The day was clear and bright, and though the snow was dry, it made up very well into snowballs. Never had boys a heartier pelting than we gave each other that day!

On the middle rock there was a sort of breastwork, or projection, behind which we were perfectly secure. We could pelt our opponents without being struck by a single ball. Then again, there was on each side of the breastwork a narrow road down the rock, so that we could descend, in force, on which side we pleased, attacking our enemies at a disadvantage, and sometimes taking a prisoner. It was really famous fun.

At one time our hands were cold as ice, at another burning and tingling; but whether they were cold or hot, in pain or out of pain, it did not matter, for we kept on peppering each other without intermission, and fought with as much ardour and determination as General Elliott himself, when he threw red-hot balls from the rock of Gibraltar.

We had exhausted all the snow in the post which we occupied, and had moved out of our strong hold that we might be better provided with ammunition, when a determined attack was made upon us, and the war raged fiercer than ever. It was, indeed, capital fun!

Up to this time the contention had been of the most friendly kind, and peals of laughter were continually heard as we plastered each other over with snow; but, at length, Croxall's cruel and tyrannical disposition began to manifest itself. Every time an opportunity occurred, he pulled one of our party by the leg from the rock, and not only rolled him in the snow, but used him in a cruel and brutal manner. This went on, till, quite exasperated by his cowardly conduct to those who were so much younger than himself, we hastily determined to stand by each other in punishing him for his tyranny. Our plan was to descend from the rocks in a body, and to contend with no one but Croxall, however much we might be pelted. There was not one among us a match for Croxall, singly, but, all together, we could do with him what we pleased, and we knew very well that his own party hated him too much to render him, in such a case, any hearty assistance. "Now, my brave lads," cried our captain, leaping down from the rocks, "follow me!" With a hearty good will we did follow him, and never were soldiers, in a field of battle, more resolutely determined to humble a proud foe, than we were that day.

Croxall came forward to meet us, but we spared him the trouble of coming far, for in a twinkling we were round him like a swarm of bees. In five minutes we so plastered him with snow, that you might have mistaken him for a snow man. Never was poor fellow so bepeppered and bepelted before, for his party delighted to see him well punished, and gave us but little molestation.

But though Croxall had received so many favours at our hands, we had not pelted away his cruel disposition, for no sooner had he cleared away the snow from his face, head, neck, and bosom, than he ran savagely at Crowe, who was much less than himself, and throwing him down, began to pull his hair and ears in a brutal manner. In a moment we made a general attack to rescue our fallen captain, more than ever determined to pay off Croxall in his own way; no quarter was given him; when he bawled aloud, a snow-ball was dashed into his mouth; when he turned round to look for his companions, his "daylights" were darkened with another volley. In vain he became furious, and pinched and struck every one that he could lay hold of, for we cared not what we endured, so that we could crow over Croxall. Lester showered on him a double handful of snow, which ran down his back, inside his shirt. Collis rolled up what he called a ten-pounder, and threw it with both his hands, right against his bosom. Pinnock pounded him on the back, and Morley plastered his sides. Poor Croxall was fairly conquered. No sooner did he get the snow out of one of his ears, than dash came a well aimed ball into the other. Never was better fun in the world! At last we tied two handkerchiefs round Croxall's arms, above the elbows, as he struggled with us on the ground, and linking hands, away we set off round the Rocky Meadow, dragging him along on his back. He writhed, and kicked, and bawled, and squalled, but it was to no purpose: on we went, hallooing and laughing, ever now and then stopping to inquire if he felt "quite comfortable?" We did not let him once rise from the ground till he had faithfully promised never again to tyrannize over any of us; and so exhausted, and ashamed was he when set at liberty, that he slunk away, as chopfallen as a man who has stood an hour in the pillory, and been pelted with addled eggs.

Where Croxall may now be I cannot tell, but the peppering he got that day is not likely to be forgotten by him. A cruel, tyrannous disposition is bad enough in a boy, and if we pelted it out of him, and prevented him from practising it in his manhood, we rendered him a kindness for which he cannot be too grateful; however that may be, we did our best to correct him, and never did we enjoy better fun than in snow-balling one another, and crowing over Croxall in the Rocky Meadow.

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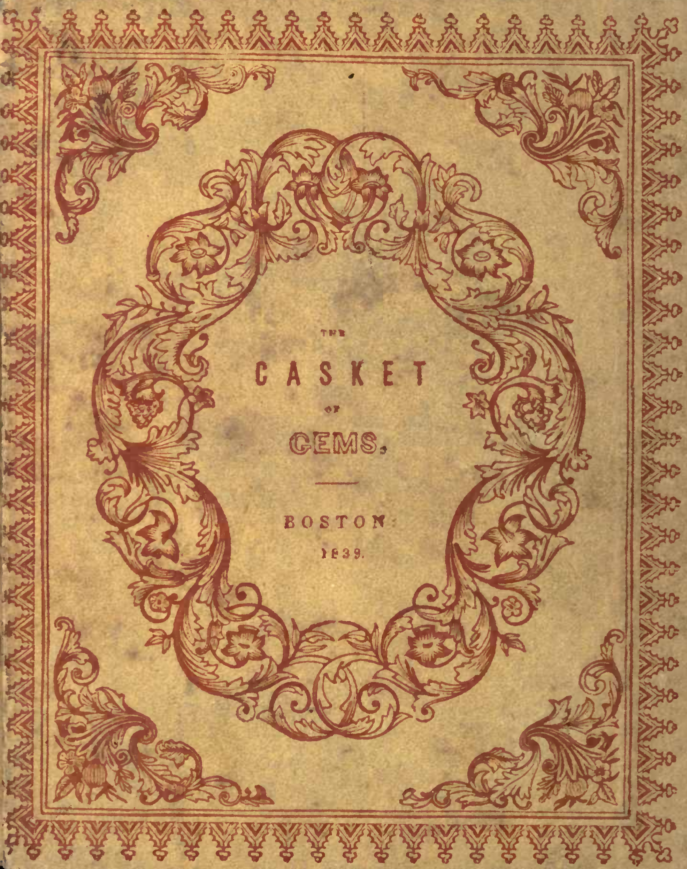

THE

CASKET

OF

GEMS.

BOSTON:

1839.